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THE

COMPLAINT.

OR,

NIGHT THOUGHTS

ON

LIFE, DEATH,

AND

IMMORTALITY.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Sunt lacrymae rerum, et mentum mortalia tangunt.

VIRG.

TROY:

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MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS AS WELL AS PRIVATE FRIENDS.

EDWARD YOUNG, L. L. D. Author of the Night Thoughts, and many other excellent pieces, was the only ſon of Dr. Edward Young, an eminent, learned, and judicious divine, Dean of Sarum, Fellow of Wincheſter College, and Rector of Upham, in Hampſhire. He was born in the year 1684, at Upham; and, after being educated in Wincheſter College, was choſen on the foundation of New College at Oxford, October 13, 1703, when he was nineteen years of age; but being ſuperannuated,* and there being no vacancy of a fellowſhip, he removed before the expiration of the year to *Corpus Chriſti*, where he entered himſelf a Gentleman Commoner.

In 1708, he was put into a law fellowſhip, at All Souls, by Archbiſhop Tenniſon. Here he took the degree of B. C. L. in 1714, and in 1719, D. C. L. In this year he publiſhed his Tragedy of Buſiris, &c.

* Diſqualified on account of his years.

Revenge; and in 1723, the Brothers: ab
he publiſhed his elegant poem on the L
ich being wrote by a Layman, gave the m
ion. He ſoon after publiſhed the Force
n, or Vanquiſh'd Love, a poem, which g
uch pleaſure, to moſt who read it, but m
lly to the noble family for whoſe entertainm
principally written. Some charge the autl
ſtiffneſs of verſification in both theſe poem
ey met with ſuch ſucceſs as to procure him
ular friendſhip of ſeveral of the nobility, a
g the reſt the patronage of the Duke of Wh
which greatly helped him in his finances.
Grace's recommendation, he put up for mem
arliament for Cirenceſter,* but did not ſucce
noble patron honoured him with his company
Souls; and, through his inſtance and perſuaſi
at the expence of erecting a conſiderrble part
new buildings then carrying on in that colle
turn of his mind leading him to divinity,
tted the law, which he had never practiſed,
ng orders, was appointed chaplain in ordinar
g George II. April 1728.
n that year he publiſhed a Vindication of P
ce, in quarto, and ſoon after his Eſtimate of
n Life, in the ſame ſize, which have gone thr
ral editions in 12mo. and thought by many
beſt of his proſe performances. In 1730, h
ſented by his college to the Rectory of W
Hertfordſhire, reputed worth 300l. a year,
Lordſhip of the Manor annexed to it. H
rried in 1731 to Lady Betty Lee, widow o
Lee, and daughter to the Earl of Litchf

He was naturally of an ambitious temper and

lady of an eminent genius and great poetical talents,) who brought him a ſon and heir not long after their marriage.

Though always in high eſteem with many of the firſt rank, he never roſe to great preferment. He was a favourite of the late Prince of Wales, his preſent Majeſty's father; and, for ſome years before his death, was a pretty conſtant attendant at Court; but upon the Prince's deceaſe, all his hopes of farther riſing in the church were at an end; and, towards the latter part of his life, his very deſire of it ſeemed to be laid aſide; for in his Night Thoughts, he obſerves, that there was one, (meaning himſelf,) in Britain born, with courtiers bred, who thought even wealth might come a day too late; however, upon the death of Dr. Hales, in 1761, he was made clerk of the cloſet to the Princeſs Dowager of Wales.

About the year 1741, he had the unhappineſs to loſe his wife, and both her children, which ſhe had by her firſt huſband; a ſon and a daughter, very promiſing characters. They all died within a ſhort time of each other: that he felt greatly for their loſs, as well as for that of his lady, may eaſily be perceived by his fine poem of the Night Thoughts, occaſioned by it. This was a ſpecies of poetry peculiarly his own, and has been unrivalled by all who have attempted to copy him. His applauſe here was deſervedly great. The unhappy Bard, "whoſe griefs in melting numbers flow, and melancholy joys diffuſe around," has been often ſung by the profane as well as pious. They were written, as before obſerved, under the recent preſſure of his ſorrow for the loſs of his wife, and his daughter and ſon-in-law; they are addreſſed to Lorenzo, a man *of pleaſure*, and the world, and who, it is generally *ſuppoſed*, (and very probably,) was his own ſon, the

labouring under his father's diſpleaſure. His ſon law is ſaid to be characterized by Philander; and daughter was certainly the perſon he ſpeaks of un the appellation of Narciſſa: See Night 3, l. 62. her laſt illneſs he accompanied her to Montpelier, the ſouth of France, where ſhe died ſoon after her rival in the city.*

After her death it ſeems ſhe was denied Ch tian burial,† on account of being reckoned a here by the inhabitants of the place; which inhumanit juſtly reſented in the ſame beautiful poem; See Ni 3, line 165; in which his wife alſo is frequently m tioned; and he thus laments the loſs of all three an apoſtrophe to death:

'Inſatiate Archer! could not *one* ſuffice?
'Thy ſhaft flew *thrice*, and thrice my peace was ſlain;
'And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.'

He wrote his Conjectures on Original Compoſi when he was turned of 80: if it has blemiſhes n ed with its beauties, it is not to be wondered at, w we conſider his great age, and the many infirmi which generally attend ſuch an advanced period life. However, the many excellent remarks this w abounds with make it juſtly eſteemed as a bright ing before death: The Reſignation, a poem, the and leaſt eſteemed of all Dr. Young's works,

* She died of a conſumption, occaſioned by her grief for death of her mother.

† The Prieſts refuſing the Doctor leave to bury his da ter in one of their church-yards, he was obliged with th ſiſtance of his ſervant, to dig a grave in a field near Mont *ier, where* they depoſited the body without the help of an *the inhabitants*, who conſider proteſtants in the ſame ligh *they do brutes.*

publiſhed a ſhort time before his death, and only ſerved to manifeſt the taper of genius, which had ſo long ſhone with peculiar brightneſs in him, was now glimmering in the ſocket. He died in his Parſonage-houſe, at Welwyn, April 12th, 1765, and was buried, according to his own deſire, (attended by all the poor of the pariſh,) under the altar-piece of that church, by the ſide of his wife.† This altar-piece is reckoned one of the moſt curious in the kingdom, being adorned with an elegant piece of needle work by the late Lady Betty Young.‡

Before the Doctor died, he ordered all his manuſcripts to be burnt. Thoſe that knew how much he expreſſed in a ſmall compaſs, and that he never wrote on trivial ſubjects, will lament both the exceſs of his modeſty (if I may ſo term it) and the irreparable loſs to poſterity; eſpecially when it is conſidered, that he was the intimate acquaintance of Addiſon, and was himſelf one of the writers of the Spectator.

In his lifetime he publiſhed two or three ſermons, one of which was preached before the Houſe of Commons. He left an only ſon and heir, Mr. Frederic Young, who had the firſt part of his education at Wincheſter ſchool, and became a ſcholar upon the foundation; was ſent, in conſequence thereof, to New College in Oxford; but there being no vacancy, (though the Society waited for one no leſs than two

† The bell did not toll at his funeral, nor was any perſon allowed to be in mourning.

‡ In the middle of it are inſcribed theſe words, "I am the bread of life." On the north ſide of the chancel is this inſcription, as ſuppoſed by the Doctor's orders, "VIRGINIBUS—Increaſe in Wiſdom and Underſtanding;" and oppoſite, on the ſouth ſide, "PUERISQUE—and in favour with God and Man."

See App. to Biog. Brit.

years,) he was admitted in the mean time in College, where he behaved so imprudently as forbidden the College. This misconduct disc his father so much, that he never would suffer come into his sight afterwards: however, by hi he bequeathed to him, after a few legacies, his fortune, which was considerable.

As a Christian and Divine, he might be said an example of primeval piety: he gave a remar instance of this one sunday, when preaching turn at St. James's; for, though he strove to ga attention of his audience, when he found he could prevail, his pity for their folly got the better of decorum; he sat back in the pulpit, and burst in flood of tears.

The turn of his mind was naturally solemn; he usually, when at home in the country, spent m hours in a day walking among the tombs in his churchyard: his conversation, as well as writings, all a reference to a future life; and this turn of m mixed itself even with his improvements in gar ing: he had, for instance, an alcove, with a benc well painted in it, that, at a distance, it seemed t real, but, upon a nearer approach, the deception perceived, and this motto appeared,

INVISIBILIA NON DECIPIUNT.

The things unseen do not deceive us.

Yet, notwithstanding this gloominess of tempe was fond of innocent sports and amusements: instituted an assembly and a bowling-green in parish, and often promoted the mirth of the com in person. His wit was ever poignant,* and alv

* In his last illness, a friend of the doctor's calling to k *how he did, and* mentioning the death of a person, wh

levelled at thoſe who ſhowed any contempt for decency and religion. His epigram, ſpoken *extempore* upon Voltaire, is well known: Voltaire happening to ridicule Milton's allegorical perſonages of death and ſin, Dr. Young thus addreſſed him:—

"Thou art ſo witty, profligate and thin,
Thou ſeem'ſt a Milton with his death and ſin.

As to his character as a poet, his compoſition was inſtinct in his youth, with as much vanity as was neceſſary to excel in that art. He publiſhed a collection of ſuch of his works as he thought the beſt, in 1761, in four volumes, in duodecimo; and another was publiſhed ſince. Among theſe, his ſatires, intituled, The Love of Fame, or, The Univerſal Paſſion, are by moſt conſidered as his principal performance. They are finely characteriſtic of that exceſſive pride, or rather folly, of following prevailing faſhions, and aiming to be more than we really are, or can poſſibly be. They were written in early life; and, if ſmoothneſs of ſtyle, brilliancy of wit, and ſimplicity of ſubject, can enſure applauſe, our author may demand it on this occaſion. After the death of his wife, as he had never given any attention to domeſtic affairs, ſo knowing his unfitneſs for it, he referred the whole care and management of his family to his houſekeeper, to whom he left a handſome legacy.

It is obſerved by Dean Swift, that if Dr. Young, in his ſatires, had been more merry or ſevere, they would have been more generally pleaſing; becauſe mankind are more apt to be pleaſed with ill nature and mirth than with ſolid ſenſe and inſtruction. It

been in a decline a long time, ſaid he was quite worn to a ſhell, by the time he died; very likely replied the doctor, but *what has become* of the kernel?

is alſo obſerved of his Night Thoughts, that, though they are chiefly flights of thinking almoſt ſuper-human, ſuch as the deſcription of death, from his ſecret ſtand, noting down the follies of a Bacchanalian Society, the epitaph upon the departed world, and the iſſuing of Satan from his dungeon; yet theſe, and a great number of other remarkable fine thoughts, are ſometimes overcaſt with an air of gloomineſs and melancholy,* which have a diſagreeable tendency, and muſt be unpleaſing to a cheerful mind; however, it muſt be acknowledged by all, that they evidence a ſingular genius, a lively fancy, an extenſive knowledge of men and things, eſpecially of the feelings of the human heart, and paint, in the ſtrongeſt colours, the vanity of life, with all its fading honours and emoluments, the benefits of true piety, eſpecially in the views of death, and the moſt unanſwerable arguments in ſupport of the ſoul's immortality, and a future ſtate.

G. W.

*. The Night Thoughts undoubtedly have their defects, as well as beauties; but it is generally allowed the latter are far more numerous, and ſo remarkably ſtriking and conſpicuous to the diſcerning reader, as, in his view, to eclipſe the failings which otherwiſe might be diſcovered therein.

Dr. YOUNG was convinced of the impropriety of writing the Night Thoughts in a ſtyle ſo much above the underſtanding of common readers, and ſaid to a friend, a week or two before he died, that was he to publiſh ſuch another treatiſe, (reſpecting ſubjects,) it ſhould be in leſs elevated language, and more ſuited to the capacities of all.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH,

AND

IMMORTALITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PREFACE.

AS the occaſion of this poem was real, not fictitious; ſo the method purſued in it, was rather impoſed, by what ſpontaneouſly aroſe in the author's mind, on that occaſion, than meditated, or deſigned. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is from long narrations to draw ſhort morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is ſhort and the morality ariſing from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reaſon of it is, that the facts mentioned did naturally pour theſe moral reflections on the thought o the writer.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

TIR'D nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep!
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſully'd with a tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd repoſe
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.
I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd deſponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancy'd miſery,
At random drove, her helm of reaſon loſt:
Tho' now reſtor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) ſeverer for ſevere:
The day too ſhort for my diſtreſs; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is ſunſhine, to the colour of my fate.
Night, ſable goddeſs; from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs how profound!

Nor eye, nor liſt'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the general pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe,
An awful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can loſe no more.
Silence, and darkneſs! ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From ancient night, who nurſe the tender thought
To reaſon, and on reaſon build reſolve,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame ſhall fall
A victim ſacred to your dreary ſhrine.
But what are ye?—THOU, who didſt put to flight
Primeval ſilence, when the morning ſtars,
Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
O THOU, whoſe word from ſolid darkneſs ſtruck
That ſpark, the ſun, ſtrike wiſdom from my ſoul;
My ſoul, which flies to thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, while others reſt.
Thro' this opaque of nature, and of ſoul,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. (O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it through various ſcenes of life and death;
And from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire.
Nor leſs inſpire my conduct, than my ſong;
Teach my beſt reaſon, reaſon, my beſt will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve
Wiſdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell ſtrikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,

eel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
is the knell of my departed hours:
here are they? with the years beyond the flood.
is the ſignal that demands diſpatch:
ow much is to be done? my hopes and fears
art up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
ok down—On what? a fathomleſs abyſs;
dread eternity! how ſurely mine!
nd can eternity belong to me,
or penſioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
ow complicate, how wonderful, is man!
ow paſſing wonder He, who made him ſuch
ho center'd in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes
om different natures marvellouſly mixt,
nnexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
ſtinguiſh'd link in being's endleſs chain!
dway from nothing to the Deity!
beam etherial, ſully'd, and abſorpt!
o' ſully'd, and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
m miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
n heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
lpleſs immortal! infect infinite!
worm! a god!—I tremble at myſelf,
nd in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,
hought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
nd wond'ring at her own: how reaſon reels!
what a miracle to man is man,
iumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!
lternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
hat can preſerve my life! or what deſtroy?
n angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
gions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis *paſt conjecture*; all things riſe in proof:
hile o'er my limbs ſleep's ſoft dominion ſpread,

What tho' my ſoul phantaſtic meaſures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathleſs woods; or, down the craggy ſteep
Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with pain the mantled pool:
Or ſcal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic ſhapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaſeleſs flight, tho' devious, ſpeaks her nature
Of ſubtler eſſence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs companion's fall.
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims my ſoul immortal:
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heav'n huſbands all events;
Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loſs deplore, that are not loſt?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel diſtreſs? Are angels there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in duſt, etherial fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderneſs, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more juſtly number'd with the dead.
This is the deſart, this the ſolitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the ſad cypreſs gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty ſhades;
All, all on earth is ſhadow, all beyond
Is ſubſtance; the reverſe is folly's creed;
How ſolid all, where change ſhall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the veſtibule.
Life's theatre as yet is ſhut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the maſſy bar,
This groſs impediment of clay remove,

And make us embryos of exiſtence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, ſlumbering in his ſire.
Embryos we muſt be, till we burſt the ſhell,
Yon ambient azure ſhell, and ſpring to life,
The life of gods, O tranſport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celeſtial hopes without one ſigh.
Priſoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wiſhes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where ſeraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, faſt by the throne of GOD.
What golden joys ambroſial cluſt'ring glow
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the juſt,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire?
And is it in the flight of threeſcore years,
To puſh eternity from human thought,
And ſmother ſouls immortal in the duſt?
A ſoul immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this ſcene can threaten, or indulge,
Reſembles ocean into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this cenſure? It o'erwhelms myſelf.
How was my heart encruſted by the world!
O how ſelf-fetter'd was my groveling ſoul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In ſilken thought, which reptile fancy ſpun,
Till darken'd reaſon lay quite clouded o'er
With *ſoft conceit of* endleſs comfort here,

Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the ſkies?
Night viſions may befriend, (as ſung above:)
Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
Of things impoſſible? (could ſleep no more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change?
Of ſtable pleaſures on the toſſing wave?
Eternal ſunſhine in the ſtorms of life?
How richly were my noon tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapeſtries of pictured joys?
Joy behind joy, in endleſs perſpective!
Till at death's toll, whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myſelf undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The ſpider's moſt attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliſs; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight!
Full, above meaſure! laſting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliſs is bliſs.
Could you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy.
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres;
The baleful influence of whoſe giddy dance
Sheds ſad viciſſitudes on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the beſt,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its ſickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
Iis little weapon in the narrower ſphere

Of ſweet domeſtic comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs!—proud words and vain!
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of heaven!
I claſp'd the phantoms and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miſs'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars.
The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And, one day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt
Thy partial quiver on a mark ſo mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Inſatiate archer! could not one ſuffice!
Thy ſhaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliſs? From fortune's ſmile,
Precarious courteſy! nor virtue's ſure,
Self-given, ſolar, ray of ſound delight.
In every vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Thro' the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd,
Led ſoftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleaſing paſt;
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſert now! and meets the ghoſt
Of my departed joys; a numerous train.

I rue the riches of my former fate!
Sweet comfort's blafted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And every pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the ſun its luſtre but for me,
The ſingle man? are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In this ſhape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throws on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than ſure heirs of pain.
War, famine, peſt, volcano, ſtorm, and fire,
Inteſtine broils, oppreſſion, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
GOD's image diſinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made.
There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
Some for hard maſters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour ſav'd,
If ſo the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable diſeaſe, (fell pair!)
On hopeleſs multitudes remorſeleſs ſeize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave:
How groaning hoſpitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for ſad admiſſion there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Ye ſilken ſons of pleaſure! ſince in pains
You rue more modiſh viſits, viſit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give, and reduc
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but ſo great

Your impudence, you bluſh at what is right.
Happy! did ſorrow ſeize on ſuch alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue ſave:
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance;
And puniſhment the guiltleſs; and alarm,
Thro' thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling, cruſhes him to death.
Not happineſs itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.
How diſtant oft the thing we doat on moſt,
From that for which we doat, felicity?
The ſmootheſt courſe of nature has its pains;
And trueſt friends, thro' error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities?
And what hoſtilities, without a foe?
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.
A part how ſmall of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man? the reſt a waſte,
Rocks, deſerts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands!
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! But far
More ſad! this earth is a true map of man:
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toſs,
Loud ſorrows howl, envenom'd paſſions bite,
Ravenous calamities our vitals ſeize,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who ſorrow for myſelf?
In age, in infancy, from others aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, *nature's firſt*, laſt leſſon to mankind:
The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels.

More generous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a ſecond channel; who divide,
They weaken too the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O world! thy much indebted tear:
How ſad a ſight is human happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hou
O thou! whate'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
Would'ſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?
I know thou would'ſt; thy pride demands it from m
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The ſalutary cenſure of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindneſs thou art bleſt;
By dotage dandled to perpetual ſmiles.
Know, ſmiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleaſure is the promiſe of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
But riſes in demand for her delay:
She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,
To ſting thee more, and double thy diſtreſs.
Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee.
Thy fond heart dances, while the Syren ſings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to ſecure thy joys.
Think not that fear is ſacred to the ſtorm.
Stand on thy guard againſt the ſmiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? Moſt ſure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care;
And ſhould alarm us full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cauſe and conſequence;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chaſtiſe her joys.

Left while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than simple misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage invenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disinchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where, her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within,
(Sly treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foresight is conditionally wise;
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns.
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye?
The present moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the next;
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
E'er mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out eternal ſchemes,
As we the fatal ſiſters could out-ſpin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not e'en Philander had beſpoke his ſhroud;
Nor had he cauſe; a warning was deny'd;
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe!
As ſudden, though for years admoniſh'd home.
Of human ills the laſt extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a ſlow ſudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate ſurprize!
Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
If not ſo frequent, would not this be ſtrange?
That 'tis ſo frequent, this is ſtranger ſtill.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They one day ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their future ſelves applauds;

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wiſdom they conſign;
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone;
'Tis not in folly, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human wiſdom to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that through every ſtage: when young, indeed,
In full content we ſometimes nobly reſt,
Unanxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.
At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to reſolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found;
As from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Even with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were ſtrange?
O my full heart!——But ſhould I give it vent,
The longeſt night, though longer far, would fail,
And the lark liſten to my midnight ſong.
The ſprightly lark's ſhrill mattin wakes the morn;
Grief's ſharpeſt thorn hard preſſing on my breaſt,
I ſtrive, with wakeful melody, to cheer

The ſullen gloom ſweet philomel! like thee,
And call the ſtars to liſten: every ſtar
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm thro' diſtant ages: wrapt in ſhade,
Priſoner of darkneſs! to the ſilent hours,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and ſteal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Maeonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah could I reach your ſtrain!
Or his, who made Maeonides our own.
Man too he ſung: immortal man I ſing:
Oft burſt my ſong beyond the bounds of life!
What, now, but immortality can pleaſe?
O had he preſs'd his theme, purſu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd, where I ſink, and ſung immortal man!
How had it bleſt mankind, and reſcu'd me?

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH,

AND

FRIENDSHIP.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

'WHEN the cock crew, he wept,'—ſmote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: that pow'r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the dead,
Rouze ſouls from ſlumber, into thoughts of heaven.
Shall I too weep? where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he ſees the light:
He that is born, is liſted: life is war,
Eternal war with woe: who bears it beſt,
Deſerves it leaſt.—On other themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn my thoughts on thee,
And thine, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt thy need: themes too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's duſt. He, thus, tho' dead,
May ſtill befriend.—What themes? Times wond'rous
Death, friendſhip, and Philander's final ſcene. [price,
So could I touch theſe themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite diſengag'd,

The good deed would delight me, half impreſs
On my dark cloud an iris; and from grief
Call glory.—Doſt thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou ſay'ſt it: Says thy life the ſame?
He mourns the dead who lives as they deſire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inſpires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O time! than gold more ſacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools? and fools reputed wiſe.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are ſquander'd, wiſdom's debt unpaid?
Our wealth in days all due to that diſcharge.
Haſte, haſte! he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Inſidious death! ſhould his ſtrong hand arreſt,
No compoſition ſets the priſoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Faſt binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I ſhudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her laſt refuge in deſpair!
That time is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with eternity:
But ill my genius anſwers my deſire;
My fickly ſong is mortal, paſt thy cure.
Accept the will;—that dies not with my ſtrain.
For what calls thy diſeaſe, Lorenzo? Not
For Eſculapian, but for moral aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy *hope of* nobler time to come:
Time higher aim'd, ſtill nearer the great mark

Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our duty, wiſdom, glory, gain?
(Theſe heaven benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? Amuſement reigns
Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?)
Thou ſay'ſt I preach, Lorenzo! 'tis confeſt.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite awake?
Who wants amuſement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon to the ſoul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when med'cines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
(As lands, and cities with their glittering ſpires,
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there)
Will toys amuſe? No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time?——its loſs we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high priz'd ſports?
He pleads time's numerous blanks; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw like trifles on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe blanks, and trifles, but from thee?
No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time:
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the bleſt art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute from the pooreſt hours.
Immenſe revenue! every moment pays.
If nothing more than purpoſe in thy power;

Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits reſtraint;
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer; [ven.
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in hea-
On all important time, through every age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd, the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"I've loſt a day,"——the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome? ſay, rather, lord of human race:
He ſpoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So ſhould all ſpeak; ſo reaſon ſpeaks in all;
From the ſoft whiſpers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For reſcue from the bleſſing we poſſeſs?
Time, the ſupreme!——time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels ſmile.
Who murders time he cruſhes in the birth
A power etherial, only not ador'd.
Ah! how unjuſt to nature, and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs, thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babling nonſenſe in their ſports,
We cenſure nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To laſh the ling'ring moments into ſpeed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourſelves.
Art, brainleſs art! our furious charioteer,
(For nature's voice unſtifled would recall)
Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of death;
Death, moſt our dread! death thus more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of abſurdity!

Leiſure is pain ; takes off our chariot wheels ;
How heavily we drag the load of life !
Bleſt leiſure is our curſe ; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander ; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amuſement ;
The next amuſement mortgages our fields ;
Slight inconvenience ! priſons hardly frown,
From hateful time if priſons ſet us free.
Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel ; years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd :
To man's falſe optics (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age ;
Behold him, when paſt by ; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds ?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt ! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes theſe errors, and theſe ills ;
To nature juſt, their cauſe and cure explore.
Not ſhort heaven's bounty, boundleſs our expence ;
No niggard, nature ; men are prodigals.
We waſte, not uſe our time : we breathe, not live.
(Time waſted is exiſtence, us'd is life :)
And bare exiſtence, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why ? ſince time was given for uſe, not waſte,
Enjoin'd to fly ; with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man ;
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure ; waſte, a pain ;
That man might feel his error, if unſeen ;
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;
Or, blundering, ſplit on idleneſs for eaſe.

Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heaven deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The ſoul is on a rack; the rack of reſt,
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.
Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle with great nature's plan;
We thwart the Deity! and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom broil;
We puſh time from us, and we wiſh him back;
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; death ſeek, and ſhun;
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life, delight us. If time paſt,
And time poſſeſt, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cauſe and cure are ſeen: ſee next
Time's nature, origin, importance, ſpeed;
And thy great gain from urging his career.—
All ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing elſe

Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a god.
Thou haſt ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence;
For, or againſt, what wonders can he do!
And will: to ſtand blank neuter he diſdains.
Not on thoſe terms was Time (heav'ns ſtranger!) ſent
On his important embaſſy to man.
Lorenzo! no: on the long deſtin'd hour,
From everlaſting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,
When the DREAD SIRE, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, riſing in his might,
Call'd forth creation, (for then Time was born,)
By Godhead ſtreaming through a thouſand worlds;
Not on thoſe terms, from the great days of heaven,
From old Eternity's myſterious orb,
Was Time cut off, and caſt beneath the ſkies;
The ſkies, which watch him in his new abode,
Meaſuring his motions by revolving ſpheres,
That herologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like numerous wings around him, as he flies;
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they ſhape
His ample pinions, ſwift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient reſt,
And join anew Eternity, his ſire;
In his immutability to reſt,
When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud ſignal ſounding) headlong ruſh
To timeleſs night, and chaos, whence they roſe.
Why ſpur the ſpeedy? why with levities
New-wing thy ſhort, ſhort day's too rapid flight?
Know'ſt thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
Man flies from time, and time from man; too ſoon!
In ſad divorce, this double flight muſt end:
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then,

Thy ſports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a ſtate
Not unambitious; in the ruffled ſhroud,
Thy Parian tombs triumphant arch beneath.
Has death his fopperies? then well may life
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.
Ye well array'd! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies male! who neither toil, nor ſpin,
(As ſiſter lilies might) if not ſo wiſe
As Solomon, more ſumptuous to the ſight!
Ye delicate! who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The winter roſe muſt blow, the ſun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; ſilky ſoft
Favonius, breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
And other worlds ſend odours, ſauce, and ſong,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a miſery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble, drivell'd o'er by ſenſe;
For rattles, and conceits of every caſt,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a ſhort winter's day—ſay, ſages! ſay,
Wit's oracles! ſay, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where ſuch expedients fail?
O treach'rous conſcience! while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On roſe and myrtle, lull'd with ſyren ſong!
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—ſee, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes every fault,

And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs act alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! The formidable ſpy,
Liſt'ning, o'erhears the whiſpers of our camp;
Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomſday book from all conſuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs,
Writes our whole hiſtory; which death ſhall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And judgment publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.
Lorenzo, ſuch that ſleeper in thy breaſt!
Such is her ſlumber and her vengeance ſuch;
For ſlighted counſel; ſuch thy future peace!
And think'ſt thou ſtill thou can'ſt be wiſe too ſoon?
But why on time ſo laviſh is my ſong?
On this great theme kind nature keeps a ſchool,
To teach her ſons herſelf. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew; each day, a life!
And ſhall we kill each day? if trifling kills;
Sure vice muſt butcher. O what heaps of ſlain
Cry out for vengeance on us? time deſtroy'd
Is ſuicide, where more than blood is ſpilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours!—Labours more?
And is there in creation, what, amidſt
This tumult univerſal, wing'd diſpatch,
And ardent energy, ſupinely yawns?—

Man ſleeps; and man alone; and man, whoſe fate,
Fate irreverſible, entire, extreme,
Endleſs, hair-hung, breeze-ſhaken, o'er the gulph
A moment trembles; drops! and man, for whom
All elſe is in alarm; man, the ſole cauſe
Of this ſurrounding ſtorm! and yet he ſleeps,
As the ſtorm rock'd to reſt.—Throw years away?
Throw empires, and be blameleſs. Moments ſeize.
Heaven's on their wing; a moment we may wiſh,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day ſtand ſtill,
Bid him drive back his car, recall, retake
Fate's haſty prey: implore him, reimport
The period paſt, regive the given hour.
Lorenzo, more than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yeſterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man awake;
His ardour ſuch, for what oppreſſes thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That more than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is yeſterday return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate;
Nor, like its elder ſiſters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and ſtain us deeper ſtill?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heav'n?
Where ſhall I find him? Angels! tell me where,
You know him; he is near you: point him out:
Shall I ſee glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing flow'rs?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, ſhed
Protection; *now* are waving in applauſe
To that bleſt ſon of foreſight! lord of fate!

That awful independent on to-morrow!
Whoſe work is done; who triumphs in the paſt;
Whoſe yeſterdays look backwards with a ſmile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot; paſt hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our proſpect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All godlike paſſion for eternals quench'd;
All reliſh of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correſpondence with the ſkies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingleſs our deſire;
In ſenſe dark priſon'd all that ought to ſoar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the duſt;
Diſmounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-buried in the rubbiſh of the world.
The world, that gulph of ſouls, immortal ſouls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the diſtant ſkies, and triumph there
On thrones, which ſhall not mourn their maſters chang'd
Though we from earth; etherial, they that fell
Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themſelves, the world deſpiſe.
For what, gay friend! is this eſcutcheon'd world.
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noon tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the ſhroud.
Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
Inch high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around,
We read their monuments, we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

leath at diſtance? No: he has been on thee;
given ſure earneſt of his final blow.
hours, which lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
to thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd
it great deep, which nothing diſembogues;
dying, they bequeath'd thee ſmall renown.
eſt are on the wing; how fleet their flight?
dy has the fatal train took fire;
ment, and the world's blown up to thee;
un is darkneſs, and the ſtars are duſt.
s greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours;
uſk them, what report they bore to heaven;
ow they might have borne more welcome news.
anſwers form what men experience call;
dom's friend, her beſt; if not, worſt foe.
oncile them! kind experience cries,
re's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
more our joy, the more we know it vain;
by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſpair.'
; it only thus, but muſt be ſo.
knows not this, though gray, is ſtill a child.
then from earth the graſp of fond deſire,
h anchor, and ſome happier clime explore.
: thou ſo moor'd thou can'ſt not diſengage,
ive thy thoughts a ply to future ſcenes?
by life's paſſing breath, blown up from earth,
, as the ſummer's duſt, we take in air
ment's giddy flight, and fall again;
he dull maſs, increaſe the trodden ſoil,
leep till earth herſelf ſhall be no more;
then (as emmets, their ſmall world o'erthrown)
ore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
riſe to fate extreme of foul or fair,
an's own choice, (controuler of the ſkies!)
n's deſpotic will, perhaps one hour,

(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each warning give a ſtrong alarm
Warning, far leſs than that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
Should not each dial ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the written wall, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Aſſyrian pale,
Ere while high fluſh'd with inſolence and wine?
Like that, the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break the banquet up.
'O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
'And, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade.
Its ſilent language ſuch: nor need'ſt thou call
Thy Magi, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Doſt aſk, How? whence? Belſhazzer like, amaz'd?
Man's make encloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurſe devours.
But, here, Lorenzo, the deluſion lies:
That ſolar ſhadow, as it meaſures life,
It life reſembles too: life ſpeeds away
From point to point, though ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time:
As theſe are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet;
So thoſe, but when more glorious reaſon ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.
But ſuch our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
'Tis later with the wiſe, than he's aware.
A Wilmington goes ſlower than the ſun;

And all mankind miſtake their time of day;
Ev'n age itſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's deſcent,
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the ſpring;
And turn our bleſſings into bane. Since oft
Man muſt compute that age he cannot feel,
He ſcarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.
On this, or ſimilar, Philander! thou
Whoſe mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the ſummer's ſun,
And cool'd our paſſions by the breezy ſtream!
How often thaw'd, and ſhorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that ſtruck out latent truth.
Beſt found, ſo fought; to the recluſe more coy!
Thoughts diſintangle paſſing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tye up nonſenſe for a ſong;
Song, faſhionably fruitleſs; ſuch as ſtains
The fancy, and unhallow'd paſſion fires;
Chiming her ſaints to Cytherea's fane.
Know'ſt thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from FRIENDSHIP, wiſdom and delight;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good ſenſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up, want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been mute, had ſweet ſpeech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;

When coin'd in word, we know its real worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lye,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue?
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool.
In contemplation is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by converſe unſuſtain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field;
Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and emulation's ſpur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converſe qualifies for ſolitude;
As exerciſe, for ſalutary reſt.
By that untutor'd, contemplation raves;
And nature's fool, by wiſdom is outdone.
Wiſdom, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of happineſs?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,

Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
Rich fruit! heav'n planted! never pluckt by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves descending in a line
Pleasure's bright beam, is feeble in delight:
Delight intense, is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.
Celestial happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit: in passion's flame
Hearts melt; but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in reason; passion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And, emulously, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noon tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From friendship, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious survivor of old time, and death!
From friendship, thus, that flow'r of heavenly seed,
The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.
But for whom blossoms this Elysian flower?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.
Lorenzo! pardon, what my love extorts,

An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies faſten on the great,
None clings more obſtinate, than fancy fond,
That ſacred friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or faſcination of a high born ſmile.
Their ſmiles, the great, and the coquet, throw out
For other's hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no leſs of ours, when ſuch the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! ye powers of wealth!
You do your rent rolls moſt felonious wrong,
By taking our attachment to yourſelves.
Can gold gain friendſhip? impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.
What if (ſince daring on ſo nice a theme)
I ſhew thee friendſhip delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reſerve will wound it; and diſtruſt, deſtroy.
Deliberate on all things with thy friend:
But ſince friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt, on thy friend, deliberate with thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the choſen; fixing, fix:
Judge before friendſhip, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize?
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
'Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
'A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain.'

So ſung he (angels hear that angel ſing!
Angels from friendſhip gather half their joy)
So ſung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich ichor, in the gen'rous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow ſolute, and ever laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inſpir'd.
Friendſhip's the wine of life; but friendſhip new
(Not ſuch was his) is neither ſtrong, nor pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating ſpirit, of a friend,
For twenty ſummers ripening by my ſide:
All feculence of falſehood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues riſing in his ſoul;
As cryſtal clear; and ſmiling, as they riſe!
Here nectar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight;
Rich to the taſte, and genuine from the heart.
High flavour'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how loſt!—Philander is no more.
Think'ſt thou the theme intoxicates my ſong?
Am I too warm?—too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glofſy plumes
Expanded ſhine with azure, green, and gold;
How bleſſings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever ſoul aſcended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals ſcarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I *can*, I *muſt*: it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the ſkies,

And caſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
Strange! the theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung!
And yet it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or Chriſtian; to the bluſh of wit.
Man's higheſt triumph! man's profoundeſt fall!
The death bed of the juſt! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand: it merits a divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a poſt of honour, and of joy.
Dare I preſume, then? but Philander bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I ſtruck; as ſtruck the ſoul, beneath
Aerial groves impenetrable gloom;
Or, in ſome mighty ruin's ſolemn ſhade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on high born duſt,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or, at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.
It is religion to proceed: I pauſe—
And, enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No; it is his ſhrine:
Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your diſeaſe;
If unreſtor'd by this, deſpair your cure.
For, here, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd diſſimulation drops her maſque,
Through life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here real, and apparent, are the ſame.
You ſee the man; you ſee his hold on heav'n;

If found his virtue; as Philander's, found.
Heav'n waits not the laſt moment, owns her friends
On this ſide death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death;
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he ſeverely frown'd on thee.
'No warning given! unceremonious fate!
'A ſudden ruſh from life's meridian joys!
'A wrench from all we love! from all we are!
'A reſtleſs bed of pain! a plunge opaque
'Beyond conjecture! feeble nature's dread!
'Strong reaſon's ſhudder at the dark unknown!
'A ſun extinguiſh'd! a juſt opening grave!
'And oh! the laſt, laſt; what? (can words expreſs?
'Thought reach?) the laſt, laſt—ſilence of a friend!'
Where are thoſe horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which ſingly ſhock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till now.
Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquiſh'd agonies,
(Like the ſtars ſtruggling thro' this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all,
Richer than Mammon's for his ſingle heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
His ſoul ſublime; and cloſes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the ſcene!
Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His God ſuſtains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!

Man's glory Heav'n vouchſafes to call her own.
We gaze; we weep; mixt tears of grief and joy!
Amazement ſtrikes! Devotion burſts to flame!
Chriſtians adore! and Infidels believe.
As ſome tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the ſun, illuſtrious from its height;
While riſing vapours, and deſcending ſhades,
With damps, and darkneſs, drown the ſpacious vale:
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by deſpair,
Philander, thus auguſtly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror ſheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng.
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies,
With incommunicable luſtre, bright.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF P——

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

VIRG.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To reaſon, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the deſtin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment ſworn,
I keep my aſſignation with my woe.
O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul!
Who think it ſolitude to be alone.
Communion ſweet! communion large, and high!
Our reaſon, guardian angel, and our God!
Then neareſt theſe, when others moſt remote;
And all, ere long, ſhall be remote, but theſe.
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
A ſtranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now wed them; wed them; bind them to thy breaſt;
To win thy wiſh, creation has no more.
Or if we wiſh a fourth, it is a friend——
But friends, how mortal! dangerous the deſire.
Take Phœbus to yourſelves, ye baſking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain head,
And reeling thro' the wilderneſs of joy;
Where ſenſe runs ſavage, broke from reaſon's chain

And ſings falſe peace, till ſmother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my ſong;
Unlike the deity my ſong invokes.
I to-day's ſoft-ey'd ſiſter pay my court,
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now firſt implor'd in ſuccour to the muſe.
Thou, who didſt lately borrow* Cynthia's form,
And modeſtly forego thine own! O thou,
Who didſt thyſelf, at midnight hours, inſpire!
Say, why not Cynthia, patroneſs of ſong?
As thou her creſcent, ſhe thy character
Aſſumes; ſtill more a goddeſs by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare diſpute
This revolution in the world inſpir'd?
Ye train Pierian! to the lunar ſphere,
In ſilent hour, addreſs your ardent call
For aid immortal; leſs her brother's right.
She, with the ſpheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchleſs ſtrain,
A ſtrain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.
Tranſmit it heard, thou ſilver queen of heaven!
What title, or what name, endears thee moſt?
Cynthia! Cyllene! Phoebe! or doſt hear
With higher guſt, fair P——d of the ſkies?
Is that the ſoft enchantment calls thee down,
More pow'rful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The ſoul of ſong, and whiſper in mine ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are thine) transfuſe it thro' the breaſt
Of thy firſt votary—but not thy laſt;
If, like thy name-ſake, thou art ever kind.

* At the Duke of Norfolk's maſquerade.

And kind thou wilt be; kind on ſuch a theme;
A theme ſo like thee, a quite lunar theme,
Soft, modeſt, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that roſe all pale, and told my ſoul,
'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which ſtruck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which ſmote me from Philander's tomb.
Narciſſa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluſter; rare are ſolitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades his mournful right, and claims
The grief that ſtarted from my lids for him:
Seizes the faithleſs, alienated tear,
Or ſhares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow, he more than cauſes, he confounds;
For human ſighs his rival ſtrokes contend,
And make diſtreſs, diſtraction. Oh Philander!
What was thy fate? a double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
Not leſs a bird of omen, than of prey.
It call'd Narciſſa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender ſoul, by break of bliſs,
From the firſt bloſſom, from the buds of joy;
Thoſe few our noxious fate unblaſted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmoniſt! and beautiful as ſweet!
And young as beautiful! and ſoft as young!
And gay as ſoft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her neſt on high.
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and plume,
Transfixt by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charm

Extinguiſh'd in the wonders of her ſong!
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſh'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and preſent it to the ſkies; as all
We gueſs of heaven: and theſe were all her own;
And ſhe was mine; and I was—was! moſt bleſt,
Gay title of the deepeſt miſery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;
Good loſt weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.
Like bloſſom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death ſtill lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity ſwells the tide of love.
And will not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aſham'd to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deſerve our ſhame.
Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.
Soon as the luſtre languiſh'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human ſight;
And on her cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
Pale omen ſate; and ſcatter'd fears around
On all that ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
That once had ſeen?) with haſte, parental haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the ſun; the ſun
(As if the ſun could envy) check'd his beam,
Deny'd his wonted ſuccour, nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; faireſt lilies not ſo fair.

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambroſial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the ſun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-bluſh (mine excepted) ev'ry fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often crop'd your odours, incenſe meet
To thought ſo pure; her flow'ry ſtate of mind.
In joy unfall'n. Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you ſmile;
Why not ſmile at him too? you ſhare indeed
His ſudden paſs; but not his conſtant pain.
So man is made, nought miniſters delight,
But what his glowing paſſions can engage;
And glowing paſſions, bent on aught below,
Muſt, ſoon or late, with anguiſh turn the ſcale;
And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!
Rapture! bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taſte,
While here, preſuming on the rights of heaven.
For tranſport doſt thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wiſe;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
A broken reed, at beſt; but, oft, a ſpear;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeleſs thought! turn from her: thought re-
Reſenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe. [pell'd,
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, ſmil'd!
And when high-flavour'd thy freſh-op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliſs complete!
And on a foreign ſhore; where ſtrangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more ſurpriſing ſtill,
Strangers to kindneſs, wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; ſtrange tears! that trickled down

From marble hearts! obdurate tenderneſs!
A tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere;
In ſpite of nature's ſoft perſuaſion, ſteel'd;
While nature melted, ſuperſtition rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and this deny'd a grave.
Their ſighs incens'd; ſighs foreign to the will!
Their will the tyger ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
For, oh! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal!
While ſinful fleſh relented, ſpirit nurſt
In blind infallibility's embrace,
The ſainted ſpirit petriſy'd the breaſt;
Deny'd the charity of duſt, to ſpread
O'er duſt! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? what ſuccour? what reſource?
With pious ſacrilege, a grave I ſtole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With ſoft-ſuſpended ſtep; and, muffled deep
In midnight darkneſs, whiſper'd my laſt ſigh.
I whiſper'd what ſhould echo thro' their realms;
Nor writ her name, whoſe tomb ſhould pierce the ſkies.
Preſumptuous fear! how durſt I dread her foes,
While nature's loudeſt dictates I obey'd?
Pardon neceſſity, bleſt ſhade! of grief
And indignation rival burſts I pour'd;
Half-execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore-grudg'd the ſavage land her ſacred duſt;
Stampt the curſt ſoil; and with humanity
(Deny'd Narciſſa) wiſh'd them all a grave.
Glows my reſentment into guilt! what guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how ſacred! ſacred is the duſt
Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine.

This heav'n-aſſum'd majeſtic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vaſt expanſe
With azure bright, and cloth'd the ſun in gold.
When ev'ry paſſion ſleeps that can offend;
When ſtrikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour uncontroul'd,
That ſtrongeſt curb on inſult and ill-will;
Then, ſpleen to duſt? the duſt of innocence;
An angel's duſt?——This Lucifer tranſcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the ſtrife of malice, but of pride;
The ſtrife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
Far leſs than this is ſhocking in a race
Moſt wretched, but from ſtreams of mutual love;
And uncreated, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment, loſt,
By fate reſorb'd, and ſunk in endleſs night.
Man, hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Moſt horrid! 'mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!
Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs;
Pride brandiſhes the favours he confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then is vengeance? hear it not, ye ſtars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound;
Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.
A previous blaſt foretells the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoke betrays the wide-conſuming fire:
Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? would it were!
Heav'n's Sov'reign ſaves all beings but himſelf,
That hideous ſight, a naked human heart.

Fir'd is the muſe? and let the muſe be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels,
And in the nerve moſt tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes;
He felt the truths I ſing, and I in him,
But he, nor I, feel more; paſt ills, Narciſſa!
Are ſunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that ſwarm'd
O'er thy diſtinguiſh'd fate, and, cluſt'ring there
Thick as the locuſt on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumſtance with aſpics arm'd?
An aſpic, each; and all, an Hydra-woe.
What ſtrong Herculean virtue could ſuffice?—
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
This hoary cheek, a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own diſtinct diſtreſs;
And each diſtreſs, diſtinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief ſtill more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like this proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone ſuch obſequies deplore;
They make mankind the mourner: carry ſighs
Far as the fatal fame can wing her way,
And turn the gayeſt thought of gayeſt age,
Down their right channel, thro' the vale of death.
The vale of death! that huſh'd Cimmerian vale,
Where darkneſs, brooding o'er unfiniſh'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That ſubterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate; and explore
Baliamic truths, and healing ſentiments,

Of all moſt wanted, and moſt welcome, here.
For gay Lorenzo's ſake, and for thy own,
My ſoul! 'The fruits of dying friends ſurvey;
'Expoſe the vain of life; weigh life and death;
'Give death his eulogy; thy fear ſubdue;
'And labour that firſt palm of noble minds,
'A manly ſcorn of terror from the tomb.'
This harveſt reap from thy Narciſſa's grave.
As poets feign'd from Ajax' ſtreaming blood
Aroſe, with grief inſcrib'd, a mournful flow'r;
Let wiſdom bloſſom from my mortal wound,
And, firſt, of dying friends; what fruit from theſe?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chaſe our thoughtleſſneſs, fear, pride, and guilt.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainleſs ardours; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wiſe.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged paſs to death; to break thoſe bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Croſs our obſtructed way; and, thus, to make
Welcome, as ſafe, our port from ev'ry ſtorm.
Each friend by fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us ſtoop from our aerial heights,
And, damp'd with omen of our own deceaſe,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Juſt ſkim earth's ſurface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to ſcratch a little duſt,
And ſave the world a nuiſance. Smitten friends
Are angels ſent on errands full of love;
For us they languiſh, and for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, ſhall we grieve their hovering ſhades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?

we diſdain their ſilent, ſoft addreſs;
poſthumous advice, and pious prayer?
eſs, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
under foot their agonies and groans;
ate their anguiſh, and deſtroy their deaths?
enzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
t its wholeſome empire; let it reign,
tind chaſtiſer of thy ſoul in joy!
gn will ſpread thy glorious conqueſts far,
till the tumults of thy ruffled breaſt:
cious aera! golden days, begin!
ought of death, ſhall, like a god, inſpire,
hy not think on death; is life the theme
ry thought? and wiſh of ev'ry hour?
ong of ev'ry joy? ſurpriſing truth!
eaten ſpaniel's fondneſs not ſo ſtrange.
ve the numerous ills that ſeize on life
ir own property, their lawful prey;
an has meaſur'd half his weary ſtage,
xuries have left him no reſerve,
iden reliſhes, unbroach'd delights;
le-ſerv'd repetitions he ſubſiſts,
n the taſteleſs preſent chews the paſt;
ſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwallow down.
aviſh anceſtors, his earlier years
diſinherited his future hours,
ı ſtarve on orts, and glean their former field.
e ever here, Lorenzo!—Shocking thought!
ocking, they who wiſh, diſown it too;
n from ſhame, what they from folly crave.
ver in the womb, nor ſee the light?
hat live ever here?——With lab'ring ſtep
ad our former footſteps? Pace the round
ıl? To climb life's worn heavy wheel,
draws up nothing new? To beat, and b

The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To ſurfeit on the ſame,
And yawn our joys? or thank a miſery
For change, tho' ſad? To ſee what we have ſeen?
Hear till unhear'd the ſame old ſlabber'd tale?
To taſte the taſted, and at each return
Leſs taſteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a flatter year,
Thro' loaded veſſels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's waſted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worſe concocted! Load, not life!
The rational foul kennels of exceſs!
Still ſtreaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, leſt death ſhould ſnatch the bowl
Such of our fine ones is the wiſh refin'd!
So would they have it: elegant deſire!
Why not invite the bellowing ſtalls, and wilds
But ſuch examples might their riot awe.
Thro' want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Tho' on bright thought they father all their flights
To what are they reduc'd? to love, and hate,
The ſame vain world; to cenſure and eſpouſe,
This painted ſhrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Thro' dread of worſe; to cling to this rude rock,
Barren, to them, of good, and ſharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending ſtorms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope——
Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! ſuch their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to ſhift this diſmal ſcene.
This hugg'd, this hideous ſtate, what art can cure
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
Virtue——She, wonder-working goddeſs! charms
That rock to bloom; and tames the painted ſhrew

And what will more ſurprize, Lorenzo! gives
To life's ſick, nauſeous iteration, change;
And ſtraitens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'ſt thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou'lt bluſh to diſbelieve.
A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever muſt, o'er thoſe, whoſe joys are joys
Of ſight, ſmell, taſte. The cuckoo-ſeaſons ſing
The ſame dull note to ſuch as nothing prize,
But what thoſe ſeaſons from the teeming earth,
To doating ſenſe indulge. But nobler minds,
Which reliſh fruits unripen'd by the ſun,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence poſſeſt,
On lighten'd minds, that baſk in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
In that, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
Each riſing morning ſees ſtill higher riſe;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty preſents
To worth maturing, new ſtrength, luſtre, fame;
While nature circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair proſpect fairer ev'ry hour;
Advancing virtue, in a line to bliſs;
Virtue, which Chriſtian motives beſt inſpire!
And bliſs, which Chriſtian ſchemes alone inſure!
And ſhall we then, for virtue's ſake, commence
Apoſtates? and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer truſt,
'He ſins againſt this life, who ſlights the next.'
What is this life? how few their fav'rite know?
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By paſſionately loving life, we make

Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our paſſage for our port.
Life has no value, as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worſe than nought
A neſt of pains; when held as nothing, much:
Like ſome fair hum'riſts, life is moſt enjoy'd,
When courted leaſt; moſt worth, when diſeſteem'd.
Then 'tis the ſeat of comfort, rich in peace;
In proſpect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with ſhouts of praiſe!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty baſis of eternal bliſs!
Where now the barren rock? the painted ſhrew
Where now, Lorenzo! life's eternal round?
Have I not made my triple promiſe good?
Vain is the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying ſcene,
Whoſe worth ambiguous riſes, and declines?
Waxes and wanes? (in all propitious, night
Aſſiſts me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herſelf and indigent; but rich
In borrow'd luſtre from a higher ſphere.
When groſs guilt interpoſes, lab'ring earth,
O'erſhadow'd, mourns a deep eclipſe of joy;
Her joys, at brighteſt, pallid to that ſont
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory diſtant: Oh Lorenzo
A good man, and an angel; theſe between
How thin the barrier? what divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment; or, perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment ſtill;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are go

Be what Philander was, and claim the skies,
Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?
The soft transition call it, and be cheer'd:
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise;
And may itself procure, what it presumes.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
'Strange competition!'—True, Lorenzo! strange!
So little life can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Thro' chinks, styl'd organs, dim life peeps at light;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day:
All eye, all ear, the disembody'd power.
Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel,
Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
By tyrant life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
By death enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but entombs the body; life the soul.

'Is death then guiltless? How he marks his way
'With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
'Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
'With various lustres these light up the world,
'Which death puts out, and darkens human race.'
I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment just,
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles these; more barb'rous life, the man.
Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts;
Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves.
No bliss *has life to boast*, till death can give

Far greater; life's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
Lorenzo! bluſh at fondneſs for a life,
Which ſends celeſtial ſouls on errands vile.
To cater for the ſenſe; and ſerve at boards,
Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, juſtly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feaſt! a ſoul, a ſoul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! bluſh at terror for a death,
Which gives thee to repoſe in feſtive bowers,
Where nectars ſparkle, angels miniſter,
And more than angels ſhare, and raiſe, and crown,
And eternize the birth, bloom, burſts of bliſs.
What need I more? O death, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and diſeaſe; diſeaſe tho' long my gueſt;
That plucks my nerves, thoſe tender ſtrings of life;
Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps a tear,
While reaſon and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains, the raging ills of life:
Luſt and ambition, wrath and avarice,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corroſive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O death! is thine.
Our day of diſſolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harveſt, rich
And ripe: what tho' the ſickle, ſometimes keen,
Juſt ſcars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep diſmal groan,

Are ſlender tributes low-taxt nature pays
For mighty gain; the gain of each, a life!
But O! the laſt the former ſo tranſcends,
Life dies, compar'd; life lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, death! no joy from thought of thee
Death, the great counſellor, who man inſpires
With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliv'rer, who reſcues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the reſcu'd crowns!
Death, that abſolves my birth, a curſe without it!
Rich death, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's ſource and ſubject, ſtill ſubſiſt unhurt;
One, in my ſoul; and one, in her great ſire;
Tho' the four winds were warring for my duſt.
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Tho' priſon'd there, my duſt too I reclaim,
(To duſt when drop proud nature's proudeſt ſpheres)
And live entire. Death is the crown of life;
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wiſh to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we riſe; we reign!
Spring from our fetters; faſten in the ſkies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our ſight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden loſt.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When ſhall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When ſhall I die?—When ſhall I live for ever?

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE

CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH;

CONTAINING

OUR ONLY CURE FOR THE FEAR OF DEATH;

AND

PROPER SENTIMENTS OF HEART ON THAT INESTIMABLE BLESSING.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE HONOURABLE

MR. YORKE.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

MUCH-INDEBTED Muſe, O York! intrudes.
d the ſmiles of fortune, and of youth,
ıe ear is patient of a ſerious ſong.
r deep implanted in the breaſt of man
dread of death? I ſing its ſov'reign cure.
hy ſtart at death? where is he? death arriv'd,
ıſt; not come, or gone, he's never here.
hope, ſenſation fails; black-boding man
ives, not ſuffers death's tremendous blow.
knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave;
deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
ſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
terrors of the living, not the dead.
gination's fool, and error's wretch,
makes a death, which nature never made;
n on the point of his own fancy falls;
feels a thouſand deaths, in fearing one.
ıt were death frightful, what has age to fear?
udent, age ſhould meet the friendly foe,
ſhelter *in his* hoſpitable gloom.

I ſcarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date cries—'Come away.'
And what recalls me? look the world around,
And tell me what: the wiſeſt cannot tell,
Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range, on juſt diſlike's unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the beſt; the many, flaw all o'er;
As leopards, ſpotted, or as Ethiops, dark;
Vivacious ill; good dying immature;
(How immature, Narciſſa's marble tells)
And at its death bequeathing endleſs pain;
His heart, tho' bold, would ſicken at the ſight,
And ſpend itſelf in ſighs, for future ſcenes.
But grant to life, (and juſt it is to grant
To lucky life) ſome perquiſites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of ſweet can yield no more,
But from our comment on the comedy,
Pleaſing reflections on parts well ſuſtain'd,
Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When, on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
Toſs fortune back her tinſel, and her plume,
And drop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead
A new world riſes, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a ſpruce band! arrive,
To puſh me from the ſcene, or hiſs me there.
What a pert race ſtarts up! the ſtrangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worſt: ah me! the dire effect
Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long:
Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice)
My very maſter knows me not.——

Shall I dare ſay, peculiar is the fate;
I've been ſo long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever preſſing dims the ſight,
And hides behind its ardour to be ſeen.
When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And ſqueeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow;
Refuſal! canſt thou wear a ſmoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the fear of death:
Twice-told the period ſpent on ſtubborn Troy,
Court favour, yet untaken, I beſiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little, leſs;
Embitt'ring the poſſeſs'd: why wiſh'd-for more?
Wiſhing, of all employments, is the worſt;
Philoſophy's reverſe! and health's decay!
Were I as plump as ſtall'd theology,
Wiſhing would waſte me to this ſhade again,
Were I as wealthy as a South-ſea dream,
Wiſhing is an expedient to be poor.
Wiſhing, that conſtant hectic of a fool:
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And ſimpler diet; gifts of rural life!
Bleſt be that hand divine which gently laid
My heart at reſt beneath this humble ſhed.
The world's a ſtately bark, on dang'rous ſeas,
With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
As that of ſeas remote, or dying ſtorms;
And meditate on ſcenes, more ſilent ſtill;
Purſue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a *ſhepherd* gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,

Eager ambition's fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt of noiſy men,
Burſt law's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing, and purſu'd, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earth's them all.
Why all this toil for triumph's of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame?
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in, 'Here he lies:'
And 'duſt to duſt' concludes her nobleſt ſong.
If this ſong lives, poſterity ſhall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late
Nor on his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
For future vacancies in church or ſtate,
Some avocation deeming it—to die;
Unbit by rage canine of dying rich;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudeſt laugh of hell.
O my coevals! remnants of yourſelves!
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretch'd ſoil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be ſtill ſtrech'd out
Trembling, at once, with eagerneſs and age!
With av'rice, and convulſions, graſping hard?
Graſping at air! for what has earth beſide?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very duſt,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Years unexperienc'd ruſh on num'rous ills;
And ſoon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch numbers, numbers too of ſuch,

:r in health, and greener in their age,
ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far
ay life's ſubtle game. I ſcarce believe
ſurvive: and am I fond of life,
ſcarce can think it poſſible, I live?
by miracle! or, what is next,
by Mead! If I am ſtill alive,
long have bury'd what gives life to live,
ieſs of nerve, and energy of thought.
lee is not more ſhallow, than impure,
vapid, ſenſe and reaſon ſhew the door,
or my bier, and point me to the duſt.
hou great arbiter of life and death!
e's immortal, immaterial ſun;
e all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
vorm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
luſt I tread on, high to bear my brow
ink the ſpirit of the golden day,
triumph in exiſtence: and couldſt know
otive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
: in bleſſing! with the patriarch's joy,
call I follow to the land unknown;
t in thee, and know in whom I truſt;
e, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
eight in this—O let me live to thee!
ough nature's terrors, thus, may be repreſt;
owns grim death; guilt points the tyrant's ſpear.
whence all human guilt? from death forgot.
ie! too long I ſet at nought the ſwarm
endly warnings, which around me flew:
ſmil'd, unſmitten: ſmall my cauſe to ſmile!
i's admonitions, like ſhafts upwards ſhot,
dreadful by delay; the longer ere
ſtrike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.

O think how deep, Lorenzo! here it ſtings:
Who can appeaſe its anguiſh? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can draw!
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my ſight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I ſee;
Ah! too conſpicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On high?—what means my phrenzy? I blaſpheme;
Alas! how low? how far beneath the ſkies?
The ſkies it form'd: and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet ſtill it bleeds;
Draw the dire ſteel—Ah no!—the dreadful bleſſing
What heart or can ſuſtain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail ſupports
The falling univerſe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the diſmal wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her birth—
Darkneſs his curtain, and his bed the duſt;
When ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath his throne!
In heav'n itſelf can ſuch indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan not his.
He ſeiz'd our dreadful right; the load ſuſtain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thouſand worlds, ſo bought, were bought too dear.
Senſations new in angels boſoms riſe;
Suſpend their ſong; and make a pauſe in bliſs.
O for their ſong to reach my lofty theme!
Inſpire me, Night! with all thy tuneful ſpheres inſpire;
Whilſt I with ſeraphs ſhare ſeraphic themes,
And ſhew to men the dignity of man;
Leſt I blaſpheme my ſubject with my ſong.
Shall Pagan pages glow celeſtial flame,
And Chriſtian languiſh? on our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: My heart! awake,
What can awake thee, unawak'd by this,

'Expended Deity on human weal?'
Feel the great truths, which burſt the tenfold night
Of heathen error, with a golden flood
Of endleſs day: to feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.
Thou moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous pow'r!
Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul tranſgreſſion dips in ſev'nfold night,
How our hearts tremble at thy love immenſe!
In love immenſe, inviolably juſt!
Thou, rather than thy juſtice ſhould be ſtain'd,
Didſt ſtain the croſs; and, work of wonders far
The greateſt, that thy deareſt far might bleed.
Bold thought! Shall I dare ſpeak it, or repreſs?
Should man more execrate; or boaſt, the guilt
Which rous'd ſuch vengeance? which ſuch love inflam'd?
(O'er guilt how mountainous!) with out-ſtretch'd arms,
Stern juſtice, and ſoft-ſmiling love, embrace,
Supporting, in full majeſty, thy throne,
When ſeem'd its majeſty to need ſupport,
Or that, or man, inevitably loſt.
What, but the fathomleſs of thought divine,
Could labour ſuch expedient from deſpair,
And reſcue both! both reſcue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the deed!
The wond'rous deed! or ſhall I call it more?
A wonder in omnipotence itſelf!
A myſtery, no leſs to gods than men!
Not, thus, our infidels th' Eternal draw,
A God all o'er, conſummate, abſolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They ſet at odds heav'n's jarring attributes;
And, *with one excellence*, another wound;
Maim Heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,

Bid mercy triumph over—God himſelf,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praiſe;
A God all mercy, is a God unjuſt.
Ye brainleſs wits? ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worſe for mending! waſh'd to fouler ſtains!
The ranſom was paid down; the fund of heav'n,
Heav'n's inexhauſtible exhauſted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to caſt the mighty ſum:
Its value vaſt ungraſpt by minds create,
For ever hides, and glows, in the ſupreme.
And was the ranſom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The ſun beheld it—no, the ſhocking ſcene
Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face;
Not ſuch as this; not ſuch as nature makes;
A midnight, nature ſhudder'd to behold;
A midnight new! a dread eclipſe (without
Oppoſing ſpheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didſt thou fly thy Maker's pain? or ſtart
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his bleſſed head; o'erwhelm'd his croſs;
Made groan the centre, burſt earth's marble womb,
With pangs, ſtrange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that men might ſmile! heav'n bled,
Might never die!— [that man
And is devotion virtue? 'tis compell'd:
What heart of ſtone, but glows at thoughts like theſe?
Such contemplations mount us; and ſhould mount;
The mind ſtill higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To reſt from wonders? other wonders riſe;
And ſtrike where-e'er they roll: my ſoul is caught:

Heav'n's ſov'reign bleſſings, cluſt'ring from the croſs,
Ruſh on her, in a throng, and cloſe her round,
The pris'ner of amaze!—In his bleſt life
I ſee the path, and, in his death, the price,
And in his great aſcent, the proof ſupreme
Of immortality—And did he riſe?
Here, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He roſe! he roſe! he burſt the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in:
Who is the King of glory? He who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who ſlew
The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The King of glory, He, whoſe glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs moſt illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then ſhall man ſuſtain?
Oh the burſt gates! cruſh'd ſting! demoliſh'd throne!
Laſt gaſp of vanquiſh'd death. Shout earth and heaven!
This ſum of good to man. Whoſe nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I roſe; then firſt humanity
Triumphant paſt the cryſtal ports of light,
(Stupendous gueſt!) and ſeiz'd eternal youth;
Seiz'd in our name. E'er ſince, 'tis blaſphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transfetr'd to death; and heav'n's duration
Unalienably ſeal'd to this frail frame,
This child of duſt,—man, all immortal! hail;
Hail, heav'n! all-laviſh of ſtrange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory: man's the boundleſs bliſs.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Chriſtian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount?—Alas, ſmall cauſe for joy!
What if to pain immortal? If extent
Of being, to preclude a cloſe of woe!
Where, then, my boaſt of immortality?
I boaſt it ſtill, though cover'd o'er with guilt:
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
'Tis guilt alone can juſtify his death;
Nor that, unleſs his death can juſtify
Relenting guilt in Heav'n's indulgent ſight.
If, ſick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heav'n, with that inverted ſpear
(A ſpear deep dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his ſide,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who ſtrive, who combat crimes, to drink; and live:
This, only this, ſubdues the fear of death.
And what is this? Survey the wond'rous cure:
And at each ſtep, let higher wonder riſe!
'Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
'Through means, that ſpeak its value infinite!
'A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
'With blood divine of him, I made my foe!
'Perſiſted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
'Bleſt, and chaſtis'd, a flagrant rebel ſtill!
'A rebel 'midſt the thunders of his throne!
'Nor I alone, a rebel univerſe!
'My ſpecies up in arms! not one exempt!
'Yet for the fouleſt of the foul, he dies.
'Moſt joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepeſt guilt!
'As if our race were held of higheſt rank;
'And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!'
Bound, every heart! and every boſom burn!
Oh what a ſcale of miracles is here!
Its loweſt round, high-planted on the ſkies;

w'ring ſummit loſt beyond the thought
ın or angel! Oh that I could climb
vonderful aſcent, with equal praiſe!
! flow for ever, (if aſtoniſhment
give thee leave) my praiſe! for ever flow;
ardent, cordial, conſtant, to high Heav'n
fragrant, than Arabia ſacrific'd;
ıll her ſpicy mountains in a flame.
dear, ſo due to Heav'n, ſhall praiſe deſcend,
her ſoft plume, (from plauſive angels wing
ɔluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
diving in the pockets of the great?
iſe the perquiſite of ev'ry paw,
gh black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
ve of gold thou meaneſt of amours!
praiſe her odours waſte on virtue's dead,
lm the baſe, perfume the ſtench of guilt,
dirty bread by waſhing Æthiops fair,
ving filth, or ſinking it from ſight,
venger in ſcenes, where vacant poſts,
gibbets yet untenanted, expect
future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
n apoſtate praiſe! thou vagabond!
proſtitute! to thy firſt love return,
irſt, thy greateſt, once unrival'd theme.
:re flow redundant; like Meander flow,
to thy fountain; to that Parent Power,
gives the tongue to ſound, the thought to ſoar,
ɔul to be. Men homage pay to men,
ghtleſs beneath whoſe dreadful eye they bow
tual awe profound, of clay to clay,
ilt to guilt; and turn their backs on thee,
Sire! whom thrones celeſtial ceaſeleſs ſing,
oſtrate angels, an amazing ſcene!
preſumption of man's awe for man!——

Man's Author! End! Reſtorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of nigh
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds!
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, heav'n's meridian glory, but thy ſmile?
And ſhall not praiſe be thine! not human praiſe?
While heav'n's high hoſt on hallelujahs live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My ſoul in praiſe to him, who gave my ſoul,
And all her infinite of proſpect fair,
Cut thro' the ſhades of hell, great love! by thee,
Oh moſt adorable! moſt unador'd!
Where ſhall that praiſe begin, which ne'er ſhould end
Where-e'er I turn, what claim on all applauſe!
How is night's ſable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What wiſdom ſhines! what love! this midnight pom
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profuſion: thou, apart,
Above, beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the deep?
Call to the ſun, or aſk the roaring winds,
For their Creator? ſhall I queſtion loud
The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds HE furious ſtorms in ſtraiten'd reins,
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?
What mean theſe queſtions?—trembling I retract
My proſtrate ſoul adores the preſent GOD:
Praiſe I a diſtant Deity? he tunes
My voice, (if tun'd;) the nerve, that writes, ſuſtains
Wrapp'd in his being, I reſound his praiſe:
But though paſt all diffus'd, without a ſhore,
His eſſence; local is his throne (as meet)
To gather the diſperſt (as ſtandards call

The lifted from afar) to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his ſons,
Since finite ev'ry nature, but his own.
The nameleſs he, whoſe nod is nature's birth;
And nature's ſhield the ſhadow of his hand;
Her diſſolution, his ſuſpended ſmile!
The great Firſt-Laſt! pavilion'd high he ſits
In darkneſs from exceſſive ſplendor, borne,
By gods unſeen, unleſs through luſtre loſt.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; he looks down
On all that ſoars, and ſpans immenſity.
Tho' night unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundleſs creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his majeſty;
And ſhall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in duſt and ſin, the theme of heaven?
Down to the centre ſhould I ſend my thought
Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants luſtre for my lay;
Goes out in darkneſs; if on tow'ring wing,
I ſend it thro' the boundleſs vault of ſtars!
(The ſtars, tho' rich, what droſs their gold to thee,
Great! good! wiſe! wonderful! eternal King!)
If to thoſe conſcious ſtars thy throne around,
Praiſe ever-pouring, and imbibing bleſs;
And aſk their ſtrain; they want it, more they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their ſublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.
Still more—this theme is man's and man's alone;
Their vaſt appointments reach it not; they ſee
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And downward look for heav'ns ſuperior praiſe.

Firſt born of ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to ſee the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd here;
And ſome did envy; and the reſt, though gods,
Yet ſtill gods unredeem'd (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the duſt againſt the ſkies)
They leſs would feel, though more adorn, my theme
They ſung creation (for in that they ſhar'd;)
How roſe in melody, the Child of love!
Creation's great ſuperior, man! is thine;
Thine is redemption; they juſt gave the key:
'Tis thine to raiſe, and eternize, the ſong;
Though human, yet divine; for ſhould not this
Raiſe man o'er man, and kindle ſeraphs here?
Redemption! 'twas creation more ſublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the ſkies;
Far more than labour—it was death in heav'n.
A truth ſo ſtrange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder ſtill, to diſbelieve.

Here pauſe, and ponder: was there death in heaven?
What then on earth? on earth, which ſtruck the blow?
Who ſtruck it? Who?—O how is man enlarg'd,
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy tow'rs!
How counterpois'd his origin from duſt!
How counterpois'd, to duſt his ſad return!
How voided his vaſt diſtance from the ſkies!
How near he preſſes on the ſeraph's wing!
Which is the ſeraph? which the born of clay?
How this demonſtrates, through the thickeſt cloud
Of guilt, and clay condenſt, the Son of heaven!
The double ſon; the made, and the re-made!
And ſhall heaven's double property be loſt?
Man's double madneſs only can deſtroy.
To man the bleeding croſs has promis'd all;
The bleeding croſs has ſworn eternal grace;

Who gave his life, what grace ſhall he deny?
O ye! who, from this Rock of ages, leap,
Diſdainful, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what conſolation ſtrong,
Whatever winds ariſe, or billows roll,
Our int'reſt in the maſter of the ſtorm?
Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins ſmile;
While vile apoſtates tremble in a calm.
Man! know thyſelf. All wiſdom centres there:
To none man ſeems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long ſhall human nature be their book,
Degen'rate mortal! and unread by thee?
The beam dim reaſon ſheds ſhews wonders there;
What high contents! illuſtrious faculties!
But the grand comment, which diſplays at full
Our human height, ſcarce ſever'd from divine,
By Heav'n compos'd, was publiſh'd on the croſs.
Who looks on that, and ſees not in himſelf
An awful ſtranger, a terreſtrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a god bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting ſoul
Catches ſtrange fire, eternity! at thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd
What ſeem'd a chaos, ſhines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
It is another ſcene! another ſelf!
And ſtill another, as time rolls along;
And that a ſelf far more illuſtrious ſtill.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in ſhades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keeneſt ray,

What evolutions of ſurpriſing fate!
How nature opens, and receives my ſoul
In boundleſs walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter, and embrace me! what new births
Of ſtrange adventure, foreign to the ſun,
Where what new charms, perhaps, whate'er exiſts,
Old Time, and fair Creation, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be juſt:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one ſpirit pour'd
From ſpirit's awful fountain; pour'd himſelf
Thro' all their ſouls; but not in equal ſtream,
Profuſe, or frugal, of th' inſpiring God,
As his wiſe plan demanded; and when paſt
Their various trials, in their various ſpheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Reſorbs them all into himſelf again;
His throne their centre, and his ſmile their crown.
Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to ſing,
Tho' yet unſung, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a ſuperior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celeſtial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And ſlipp'ry ſtep, the bottom of the ſteep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praiſe;
While here, of corps ethereal, ſuch enroll'd,
And ſummon'd to the glorious ſtandard ſoon,
Which flames eternal crimſon thro' the ſkies.
Nor are our brothers thoughtleſs of their kin,
Yet abſent; but not abſent from their love.

Michael has fought our battles; Raphael ſung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sov'REIGN; and are theſe, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and thou (ſhame burn
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?
Religion's all. Deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man, the goddeſs in her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right the next
Religion! the ſole voucher man is man;
Supporter ſole of man above himſelf;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion! providence! an after-ſtate;
Here is firm footing, here is ſolid rock;
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
Sinks under us, beſtorms, and then devours,
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, diſcharg'd,
Climbs ſome fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elyſian proſpects riſe,
His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the ſoul, when from inglorious aims,
And ſordid ſweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To reaſon's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the ſkies.
Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! there ſhine
The nobleſt truths; there ſtrongeſt motives ſting;
There ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul;

There, nothing but compulſion is forborn.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps! the falling drop puts out the ſun;
He ſighs! the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
If, in his love, ſo terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderneſs on fire?
Like ſoft, ſmooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can prayer, can praiſe avert it?—Thou, my all!
My theme! my inſpiration! and my crown!
My ſtrength in age! my riſe in low eſtate!
My ſoul's ambition, pleaſure, wealth!—my world,
My light in darkneſs! and my life in death!
My boaſt thro' time! bliſs thro' eternity!
Eternity, too ſhort to ſpeak thy praiſe!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meaneſt, ev'n to me;
My ſacrifice! my God! what things are theſe!
What then art THOU? by what name ſhall I call thee?
Knew I the name devout archangels uſe,
Devout archangels ſhould the name enjoy,
By me unrivall'd; thouſands more ſublime,
None half ſo dear, as that, which, tho' unſpoke,
Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
Is loſt in love! thou great PHILANTHROPIST!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondeſt of the younger born!
Thou, who didſt ſave him, ſnatch the ſmoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to diſtreſs!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to diſtance, all return!
Of laviſh love ſtupendous heights to ſoar,
And leave praiſe panting in the diſtant vale!
Thy right too great defrauds thee of thy due;

And ſacrilegious our ſublimeſt ſong.
But ſince the naked will obtains thy ſmile,
Beneath this monument of praiſe unpaid,
And future life ſymphonious to my ſtrain,
(That nobleſt hymn to heav'n!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my fear of death! and ev'ry fear,
The dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown.
Whom ſee I yonder, ſo demurely ſmile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their reſt.
Ye Quietiſts, in homage to the ſkies!
Serene! of ſoft addreſs! who mildly make
An unobtruſive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who halt indeed;
But, for the bleſſing, wreſtle not with heav'n!
Think you my ſong too turbulent? too warm?
Are paſſions, then, the pagans of the ſoul?
Reaſon alone baptiz'd? alone ordain'd
To touch things ſacred? Oh for warmer ſtill!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs;
Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder ſong!
THOU, my much-injur'd theme! with that ſoft eye,
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compaſſion to the coldneſs of my breaſt;
And pardon to the winter in my ſtrain.
O ye cold-hearted, frozen, formaliſts!
On ſuch a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Paſſion is reaſon, tranſport temper, here.
Shall heav'n, which gave us ardour, and has ſhewn
Her own for man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain
What ſmooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That proſe of piety, a lukewarm praiſe?
Riſe odours ſweet from incenſe uninflam'd?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is ſtruck to heav'n;

To human hearts her golden harps are ſtrung;
High heav'n's orcheſtra chants *Amen* to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their diſtant ſtrain,
Sweet to the ſoul, and taſting ſtrong of heav'n,
Soft-wafted on celeſtial pity's plume,
Thro' the vaſt ſpaces of the univerſe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will death (now ſtingleſs,) like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? Oh when will death,
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine, that giv'ſt us to the ſkies!
Great future! glorious patron of the paſt,
And preſent! when ſhall I thy ſhrine adore;
From nature's continent, immenſely wide,
Immenſely bleſt, this little iſle of life.
This dark, incarcerating colony,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain:
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his wounds
Beholding man, allows that tender name.
'Tis this makes Chriſtian triumph a command:
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wiſe;
'Tis impious, in a good man, to be ſad.
Seeſt thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the croſs, we live; or, more than die;
That touch which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that, which touch'd confuſion into form,
And darkneſs into glory, partial touch!
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and ſov'reign thro' the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs

From heav'n thro' all duration, and ſupports
In one illuſtrious, and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, nature! and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celeſtial, heals the ſoul
Diſeas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heav'nly thrones transforms
The ghaſtly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.
Doſt aſk me when? when HE who dy'd returns?
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhauſted by the tide
Of Deities triumphat in his train,
Leave a ſtupendous ſolitude in heaven;
Repleniſht ſoon, repleniſht with increaſe
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the tomb.
Is this by fancy thrown remote? and riſe
Dark doubts between the promiſe, and event?
I ſend thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read nature; nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is Chriſtian; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger paſſing terror ſheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of ether; coaſts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than ſolar glory; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape; and then reviſits earth,
From the long travel of a thouſand years.
Thus, at the deſtin'd period, ſhall return
HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with him, all our triumph o'er the tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whiſper breathes;

Faith ſpeaks aloud, diſtinct; ev'n adders hear,
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge acroſs the gulph of death,
To break the ſhock blind nature cannot ſhun,
And lands thought ſmoothly on the farther ſhore.
Death's terror is the mountain faith removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis faith diſarms deſtruction; and abſolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge, the guiltleſs tomb.
Why diſbelieve? Lorenzo!—'Reaſon bids,
'All-ſacred reaſon.'—Hold her ſacred ſtill;
Nor ſhalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-ſacred reaſon! ſource, and ſoul, of all
Demanding praiſe, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmoſt folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the bleſſed croſs, by fortune ſtampt
On paſſive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with local zeal!
No; reaſon rebaptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and falſe, in her impartial ſcale;
My heart became the convert of my head;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
'On argument alone my faith is built:'
Reaſon purſu'd is faith; and, unpurſu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reaſon, then, no more.'
And ſuch our proof, that, or our faith is right,
Or reaſon lies, and heav'n deſign'd it wrong:
Abſolve we this? what, then, is blaſphemy?
Fond as we are, and juſtly fond of faith,
Reaſon, we grant, demands our firſt regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reaſon the root, fair faith is but the flower:
The fading flower ſhall die; but reaſon lives
Immortal, as her father in the ſkies.

When faith is virtue, reaſon makes it ſo.
Wrong not the Chriſtian; think not reaſon yours;
'Tis reaſon our great maſter holds ſo dear;
'Tis reaſon's injur'd rights his wrath reſents;
'Tis reaſon's voice obey'd, his glories crown;
To give loſt reaſon life, he pour'd his own;
Believe, and ſhew the reaſon of a man;
Believe, and taſte the pleaſure of a god;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' reaſon's wounds alone thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal ſting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud pæans, due
To thoſe, who puſh our antidote aſide;
Thoſe boaſted friends to reaſon, and to man,
Whoſe fatal love ſtabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.
Theſe pompous ſons of reaſon idoliz'd,
And vilify'd at once; of reaſon dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While love of truth thro' all their camp reſounds,
They draw pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Spike up their inch of reaſon, on the point
Of philoſophic wit, call'd argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
'Behold the ſun;' and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.
As wiſe as Socrates, if ſuch they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that ſublime renown)
As wiſe as Socrates, might juſtly ſtand
The *definition of a modern fool.*

A CHRISTIAN is the higheſt ſtile of man.
And is there, who the bleſſed croſs wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his diſhonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a ſight:
The wretch they quit, deſponding of their charge,
More ſtruck with grief or wonder, who can tell?
Ye ſold to ſenſe! ye citizens of earth!
(For ſuch alone the Chriſtian banner fly)
Know ye how wiſe your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happieſt man:
'He calls his wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
'And ſays, he call'd another; that arrives,
'Meets the ſame welcome; yet he ſtills calls on;
'Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
'But holds him faſt, in chains of darkneſs bound,
''Till nature dies, and judgment ſets him free;
'A freedom far leſs welcome than his chain.'
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's higheſt prize her lateſt hour!
That hour, ſo late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a poſt, comes on in full career:
How ſwift the ſhuttle flies, that weaves thy ſhroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By ſtrides as ſwift: eternity is all;
And whoſe eternity? who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliſs!
For ever baſking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy conſcience ſhall reply.
O give it leave to ſpeak; 'twill ſpeak ere long,
Thy leave unaſkt: Lorenzo! hear it now.

e uſeful its advice, its accent mild.
ıe great edict, by divine decree,
h is depoſited with man's laſt hour;
ıoneſt hour, and faithful to her truſt;
h, eldeſt daughter of the Deity;
h, of his council, when he made the worlds;
leſs, when he ſhall judge the worlds he made;
ſilent long, and ſleeping ne'er ſo ſound,
:her'd with errors, and oppreſt with toys,
heav'n commiſſion'd hour no ſooner calls,
from her cavern in the ſoul's abyſs,
him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
goddeſs burſts in thunder, and in flame;
ılly convinces, and ſeverely pains.
: dæmons I diſcharge, and hydra-ſtings;
keen vibrations of bright truth—is hell:
definition! tho' by ſchools untaught.
eaf to truth! peruſe this parſon'd page,
truſt, for once, a prophet, and a prieſt;
n may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE

RELAPSE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

LORENZO! to recriminate is juſt.
Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praiſe.
Praiſe no man e'er deſerv'd, who ſought no more.
As juſt thy ſecond charge. I grant the muſe
Has often bluſh'd at her degen'rate ſons,
Retain'd by ſenſe to plead her filthy cauſe;
To raiſe the low, to magnify the mean,
And ſubtilize the groſs into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers pow'rful charm
'Twas given, to make a civet of their ſong
Obſcene, and ſweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our ſwine enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obſcure the cauſe.
We wear the chains of pleaſure, and of pride.
Theſe ſhare the man; and theſe diſtract him too;
Draw diff'rent ways, and claſh in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the ſtars;
But pleaſure, lark-like, neſts upon the ground.
Joys ſhar'd by brute-creation, pride reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: man would both enjoy.

And both at once: a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when ſtung by ſtrong deſire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of ſenſe can't riſe to reaſon's taſte;
In ſubtle ſophiſtry's laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon new, that ſtoops
To ſordid ſcenes, and meets them with applauſe.
Wit calls the Graces the chaſte zone to looſe;
Nor leſs than a plumb god to fill the bowl:
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſand ſpells,
A thouſand opiates ſcatters, to delude,
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind of man delightfully confound.
Thus that which ſhock'd the judgment, ſhocks no more:
That which gave pride offence, no more offends.
Pleaſure and pride, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man ſhall reign,
By wit's addreſs, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curſed art! wipes off the indebted bluſh
From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry ſhame.
Man ſmiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.
All writ by man in favour of the ſoul,
Theſe ſenſual ethics far, in bulk, tranſcend.
The flow'rs of eloquence, profuſely pour'd
O'er ſpotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can pow'rs of genius exorciſe their page,
And conſecrate enormities with ſong?
But let not theſe inexpiable ſtrains
Condemn the muſe that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly ſtops at time, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
point in her eſteem; from whence to ſtart,

And run the round of univerſal ſpace,
To viſit being univerſal there,
And being's ſource, that utmoſt flight of mind!
Yet, ſpite of this ſo vaſt circumference,
Well knows, but what is moral, nought is great.
Sing Syrens only? do not angels ſing?
There is in poeſy a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeak to proſe,
Her younger ſiſter; haply, not more wiſe.
Think'ſt thou, Lorenzo! to find paſtimes here?
No guilty paſſion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity diſgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r,
No rainbow colours, here, or ſilken tale:
But ſolemn counſels, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, thro' theſe revolving ſpheres,
This death-deep ſilence, and incumbent ſhade:
Thoughts, ſuch as ſhall reviſit your laſt hour;
Viſit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, Midnight! darker ſtill
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.
Yet this, ev'n this, my laughter-loving friends!
Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the ſmile!
If, what imports you moſt, can moſt engage,
Shall ſteal your ear, and chain you to my ſong.
Or if you fail me, know, the wiſe ſhall taſte
The truths I ſing; the truths I ſing ſhall feel;
And, feeling, give aſſent; and their aſſent
Is ample recompence; is more than praiſe.
But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD! nor miſtake;
Think not unintroduc'd I force my way;
Narciſſa, not unknown, not unally'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illuſtrious youth!
To thee, from blooming amaranthine bow'rs,

Where all the language harmony, deſcends
Uncall'd, and aſks admittance for the Muſe:
A Muſe that will not pain thee with thy praiſe;
Thy praiſe ſhe drops, by nobler ſtill inſpir'd.
O thou! bleſt Spirit! whether the ſupreme,
Great antemundane Father! in whoſe breaſt
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Preſent, tho' future; prior to themſelves;
Whoſe breath can blow it into nought again;
Or from his throne ſome delegated pow'r,
Who, ſtudious of our peace, doſt turn the thought
From vain and vile, to ſolid and ſublime!
Unſeen thou lead'ſt me to delicious draughts
Of inſpiration, from a purer ſtream,
And fuller of the God, than that which burſt
From fam'd Caſtalia: nor is yet allay'd
My ſacred thirſt; tho' long my ſoul has rang'd
Thro' pleaſing paths of moral and divine,
By thee ſuſtain'd, and lighted by the STARS.
By them beſt lighted are the paths of thought;
Nights are their days, their moſt illumin'd hours.
By day, the ſoul, o'erborn by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reaſon, joſtled by the throng.
By day the ſoul is paſſive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.
By night from objects free, from paſſion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpreſs'd the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confin'd;
But from ethereal travels light on earth,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repoſe.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the ſun adore:

Darkneſs has more divinity for me;
It ſtrikes thought inward; it drives back the ſoul
To ſettle on herſelf, our point ſupreme!
There lies our theatre; there ſits our judge.
Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene;
'Tis the kind hand of providence ſtretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis reaſon's reign,
And virtue's too; theſe tutelary ſhades
Are man's aſylum from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too;
It no leſs reſcues virtue, than inſpires.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the croud,
Nor touches on the world, without a ſtain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we reſolv'd,
Is ſhaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each ſalutation may ſlide in a ſin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it ſtrange; light, motion, concourſe, noiſe
All, ſcatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
In fume and diſſipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breaſt unguarded to the foe.
Preſent example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes, like a peſtilence, from breaſt to breaſt;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From ſmiling man. A ſlight, a ſingle glance,
And ſhot at random, often has brought home
A *ſudden fever*, to the throbbing heart,

Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
We see, we hear, with peril; safety dwells
Remote from multitude; the world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; this wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.
This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, thro' ev'ry distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall,
On contemplation's eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In private audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time! auspicious Midnight! hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,

And open'd a calm intercourſe with heav'n,
Here the ſoul ſits in council; ponders paſt,
Predeſtines future action; ſees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reaſons with the ſtorm;
All her lies anſwers, and thinks down her charms.
What awful joy! what mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkneſs; rather ſay
(If not too bold) in darkneſs I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the cluſt'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous riſe, and bloſſom in the ſhade;
But droop by day, and ſicken in the ſun.
Thought borrows light elſewhere; from that firſt fire,
Fountain of animation! whence deſcends
URANIA, my celeſtial gueſt! who deigns
Nightly to viſit me, ſo mean; and now
Conſcious how needful diſcipline to man,
From pleaſing dalliance with the charms of night
My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart; Narciſſa's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my ſpirit into grief again?
Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood?
A cold, ſlow puddle, creeping thro' my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? how unequal! now we ſoar,
And now we ſink; to be the ſame, tranſcends
Our preſent proweſs. Dearly pays the ſoul
For lodging ill, too dearly rents her clay.
Reaſon, a baffled counſellor! but adds
The bluſh of weakneſs, to the bane of woe.
The nobleſt ſpirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, duſky region, charg'd with ſtorms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, ſhort her flight, and ſure her fall.

Our utmoſt ſtrength, when down, to riſe again;
And not to yield, tho' beaten, all our praiſe.
'Tis vain to ſeek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promiſe, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late
Emerging from the ſhadows of the grave,
Where grief detain'd me priſ'ner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlaſting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, ſhook off pain,
Mortality ſhook off, in ether pure,
And ſtruck the ſtars; now feel my ſpirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I ruſh,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In ſorrow drown'd—but not, in ſorrow, loſt.
How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl, in ſorrow's ſtream:
Not ſo the thoughtleſs man that only grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Ineſtimable gain!) and gives heav'n leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wiſe.
If wiſdom is our leſſon (and what elſe
Ennobles man? what elſe have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficients in thy ſchool are made,
Than genius, or proud learning, e'er could boaſt.
Voracious learning, often overfed,
Digeſts not into ſenſe her motley meal.
This bookcaſe, with dark booty almoſt burſt,
This forager on others wiſdom, leaves
Her native farm, her reaſon, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure ſhe ſurfeits the rank ſoil,
Dung'd, but not dreſt; and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her ſervant's wealth incumber'd wiſdom mourns.
And what ſays genius? 'Let the dull be wiſe.'
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong.

And loves to boaſt, where bluſh men leſs inſpir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of ſenſe;
Conſiders reaſon as a leveller;
And ſcorns to ſhare a bleſſing with the croud.
That wiſe it could be, thinks an ample claim
To glory, and to pleaſure gives the reſt.
Craſſus but ſleeps, Ardelio is undone.
Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a fool, than wit.
But wiſdom ſmiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When ſorrow wounds the breaſt, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her ſoftening ſhower;
Her ſeed celeſtial, then glad wiſdom ſows;
Her golden harveſt triumphs in the ſoil.
If ſo, Narciſſa! welcome my Relapſe;
I'll raiſe a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compenſation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather every thought of ſov'reign power
To chaſe the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts, which may bear tranſplanting to the ſkies,
Tho' natives of this coarſe penurious ſoil;
Nor wholly wither there, where ſeraphs ſing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n.
Reaſon, the ſun that gives them birth, the ſame
In either clime, though more illuſtrious there.
Theſe choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for Narciſſa's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flow'rs.
Say, on what themes ſhall puzzled choice deſcend?
'Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
'Why men decline it; ſuicide's foul birth;
'The various kinds of grief; the faults of age;
'And death's dread character—invite my ſong.'
And, firſt, th' importance of our end ſurvey'd.
Friends counſel quick diſmiſſion of our grief;

Miſtaken kindneſs! our hearts heal too ſoon.
Are they more kind than he, who ſtruck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And baniſh peace, till nobler gueſts arrive,
And bring it back, a true, and endleſs peace?
Calamities are friends: as glaring day
Of theſe unnumber'd luſtres robs our ſight;
Proſperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
(Scenes apt to thruſt between us and ourſelves!)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath death's gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his duſt,
Viſit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo! read with me Narciſſa's ſtone;
(Narciſſa was thy fav'rite) let us read
Her moral ſtone; few doctors preach ſo well;
Few orators ſo tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
Apt words can ſtrike; and yet in them we ſee
Faint images of what we, here, enjoy.
What cauſe have we to build on length of life?
Temptations ſeize, when fear is laid aſleep;
And ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humble ſhrine,
Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on my ſoul,
And puts deluſion's duſky train to flight;
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry paſſions raiſe,
From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene;
And ſhews the real eſtimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from virtue's riſing charms,
Detects temptation in a thouſand lies.

Truth bids me look on men, as autumn leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
Driv'n by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote,
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys poſſeſt;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the grave.
No folly keeps its colour in her ſight;
Pale worldly wiſdom loſes all her charms;
In pompous promiſe from her ſchemes profound,
If future fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sybil, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs!
At the firſt blaſt it vaniſhes in air.
Not ſo, celeſtial: wouldſt thou know, Lorenzo!
How differ worldly wiſdom, and divine?
Juſt as the waning, and the waxing moon,
More empty worldly wiſdom ev'ry day;
And ev'ry day more fair her rival ſhines.
When later, there's leſs time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wiſdom is expir'd
(Thou know'ſt ſhe calls no council in the grave:)
And everlaſting fool is writ in fire,
Or real wiſdom wafts us to the ſkies.
As worldly ſchemes reſemble Sybil's leaves,
The good man's days to Sybil's books compare,
(In ancient ſtory read, thou know'ſt the tale)
In price ſtill riſing, as in number leſs,
Ineſtimable quite his final hour.
For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Inſolvent worlds the purchaſe cannot pay.
'Oh let me die his death!' all nature cries.
'Then live his life'—All nature faulters there.
Our great phyſician daily to conſult,
To commune with the grave, our only cure.

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's; and yet
From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage!
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravisht from us? 'tis to bind,
By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which reason, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief aim of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief end.
Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote.
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind imprudence, unexpected still?
Though num'rous messengers are sent before
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.
Is it that life has sown her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
call the brook the same; the same we think

ır life, though ſtill more rapid in its flow;
ɔr mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
nd mingled with the ſea. Or ſhall we ſay,
ietaining ſtill the brook to bear us on)
ıat life is like a veſſel on the ſtream?
life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
: time deſcend, but not on time intent;
mus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave;
ll on a ſudden we perceive a ſhock;
e ſtart, awake, look out; what ſee we there?
ır brittle bark is burſt on Charon's ſhore.
Is this the cauſe death flies all human thought?
: is it judgment by the will ſtruck blind,
ıat domineering miſtreſs of the ſoul!
ke him ſo ſtrong by Dalilah the fair?
· is it fear turns ſtartled reaſon back,
om looking down a precipice ſo ſteep?
is dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd,
· nature conſcious of the make of man.
dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
· that unaw'd, in life's moſt ſmiling hour.
ıe good man would repine; would ſuffer joys,
d burn impatient for his promis'd ſkies.
bad, on each punctilious pique of pride,
· gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
ınd o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
ıd mar the ſchemes of providence below.
What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! riſe;
ıd drown, in your leſs execrable yell,
itannia's ſhame. There took her gloomy flight,
ı wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
aſted from hell, with horrid luſt of death.
ıy *friend, the brave*, the gallant Altamont,
call'd ſo thought—and then he fled the field

Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for ſuicide!
An iſland in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beſide!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Waſh the dire ſtain, nor ſhock the continent.
But thou be ſhock'd, while I detect the cauſe
Of ſelf-aſſault, expoſe the monſter's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiſs it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor ehide the diſtant ſun;
The ſun is innocent, thy clime abſolv'd;
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cauſe I ſing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate:
The ſoul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his ſoul) a native of the ſkies!
High-born, and free, her freedom ſhould maintain
Unfold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in this foreign land,
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth ſuſpicious, earth's inchanted cup
With cool reſerve light touching, ſhould indulge,
On immortality, her godlike taſte; [the
There take large draughts; make her chief banq
But ſome reject this ſuſtenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites deſcend;
Aſk alms of earth, for gueſts that came from heav'
Sink into ſlaves; and ſell, for preſent hire,
Their rich reverſion, and (what ſhares its fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who ſways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul baſket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the baſket full;
Are inſtantly, with wild demoniac rage,

For breaking all the chains of providence,
And burſting their confinement; though faſt barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With horrors doubled to defend the paſs,
The blackeſt, nature, or dire guilt, can raiſe;
And moated round, with fathomleſs deſtruction,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, Britons! is the cauſe, to you unknown,
Or worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magiſtrates.
Thus criminals themſelves. I grant the deed
Is madneſs; but the madneſs of the heart.
And what is that? our utmoſt bound of guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting life, is big
With monſtrous births, and ſuicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heav'n's law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh
Through ſacred nature's murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never think of death, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to ſhun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,
(The ſeat of wiſdom! if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,
Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life juſt feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into death,
That moſt pathetic herald of our own;
How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? As ſent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity ſent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impreſs,
Indelible, death's image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.

We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we ſmile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning folly cancels all;
As the tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the letter'd ſhore.
Lorenzo! haſt thou ever weigh'd a ſigh;
Or ſtudy'd the philoſophy of tears?
(A ſcience, yet, unlectur'd in our ſchools!)
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the breaſt,
And ſeen their ſource? if not, deſcend with me,
And trace theſe briny riv'lets to their ſprings.
Our fun'ral tears, from diff'rent cauſes riſe.
As if from ſep'rate ciſterns in the ſoul,
Of various kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,
By ſoft contagion call'd, ſome burſt at once,
And ſtream obſequious to the leading eye.
Some aſk more time, by curious art diſtill'd.
Some hearts in ſecret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moſes' ſmitten rock, guſh out amain.
Some weep to ſhare the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them ſo dear.
They dwell on praiſes, which they think they ſhare
And thus, without a bluſh, commend themſelves.
Some mourn in proof, that ſomething they could love
They weep not to relieve their grief, but ſhew.
Some weep in perfect juſtice to the dead,
As conſcious all their love is in arrear.
Some miſchievouſly weep, not unappris'd.
Tears, ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.
With what addreſs the ſoft Epheſians draw
Their ſable net-work o'er entangled hearts?
As ſeen through cryſtal, how their roſes glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek!
Of her's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,

Carouſing gems, herſelf diſſolv'd in love.
Some weep at death, abſtracted from the dead,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own deceaſe.
By kind conſtruction ſome are deem'd to weep,
Becauſe a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earneſt, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiſcretion, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more tears; while reaſon ſleeps;
Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the ſtorm;
Knows not it ſpeaks to her, and her alone.
Irrationals all ſorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From ſorrow's pang, the birth of endleſs joy.
But theſe are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the ſummer-ſtorm,
And full as ſhort! the cruel grief ſoon tam'd,
They make a paſtime of the ſtingleſs tale;
Far as the deep-reſounding knell, they ſpread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of wiſdom pays them for their woe.
Half-round the globe, the tears pumpt up by death
Are ſpent in wat'ring vanities of life;
In making folly flouriſh ſtill more fair.
When the ſick ſoul, her wonted ſtay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and ſorrows in the duſt;
Inſtead of learning, there, her true ſupport,
Though there thrown down her true ſupport to learn,
Without heav'n's aid impatient to be bleſt,
She crawls to the next ſhrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the ſtately cedar's arms ſhe fell;
With ſtale, foreſworn embraces, clings anew,
The ſtranger weds, and bloſſoms, as before,
All the fruitleſs fopperies of life:

Preſents her weed, well-fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the death's head on the ring.
So wept Aurelia, till the deſtin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making ſmiles,
And blanching ſables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clariſſa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not ſuch, Narciſſa, my diſtreſs for thee,
I'll make an altar of thy ſacred tomb,
To ſacrifice to wiſdom——What waſt thou?
'Young, gay, and fortunate!' Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to ſhun thought more ſevere;
(Heaven knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhauſt thy death.
A ſoul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, firſt, thy youth. What ſays it to grey hairs?
Narciſſa, I'm become thy pupil now——
Early, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew,
She ſparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
Time on this head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on another's grave.
Cover'd with ſhame I ſpeak it, age ſevere
Old worn out vice ſets down for virtue fair;
With graceleſs gravity, chaſtiſing youth,
That youth chaſtis'd ſurpaſſing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulneſs of death:
As if, like objects preſſing on the ſight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
Or, that life's loan time ripen'd into right;
And men might plead preſcription from the grave;
Deathleſs, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathleſs? far from it! ſuch are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.

Tell me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what inchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thouſand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd?
We ſtand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling, wounded oft ourſelves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill!
We ſee time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves, in that juſt mirror, ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their inference as ſtrong!
Their death is certain; doubtful here: he muſt,
And ſoon; we may, within, an age expire.
Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whoſe hand and bell diſſent;
Folly ſings ſix, while nature points at twelve.
Abſurd longevity! more, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more traſh of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when reliſh fails!
Object, and appetite, muſt club for joy;
Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that ſtrike us from without,
While nature is relaxing ev'ry ſtring?
Aſk thought for joy; grow rich, and hoard within.
Think you the ſoul, when this life's rattle ceaſe,
Has nothing of more manly to ſucceed?
Contract the taſte immortal; learn ev'n now
To reliſh what alone ſubſiſts hereafter.
Divine, or none, henceforth your joys for ever,
Of age the glory is, to wiſh to die.
That wiſh is praiſe and promiſe; it applauds

Paſt life, and promiſes our future bliſs.
What weakneſs ſee not children in their ſires?
Grand-climacterical abſurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How ſhocking! It makes folly thrice a fool;
And our firſt childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
Peace and eſteem is all that age can hope.
Nothing but wiſdom gives the firſt; the laſt,
Nothing, but the repute of being wiſe,
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our ſhadows,
Our wiſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines.
No wiſh ſhould loiter, then, this ſide the grave.
Our hearts ſhould leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil.
Enough to live in tempeſt, die in port;
Age ſhould fly concourſe, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment; and the will's ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If unconſider'd too, a dreadful ſcene!
All ſhould be prophets to themſelves; foreſee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaſte;
This art would waſte the bitterneſs of death.
The thought of death alone, the fear deſtroys.
A diſaffection to that precious thought
Is more than midnight darkneſs on the ſoul,
Which ſleeps beneath it, on a precipice,
Puff'd off by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.
Doſt aſk, Lorenzo, why ſo warmly preſt,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? That thought is the machine
he grand machine! that heaves us from the dull

nd rears us into men. That thought ply'd home
ill ſoon reduce the ghaſtly precipice
'er-hanging hell, will ſoften the deſcent,
nd gently ſlope our paſſage to the grave;
ow warmly to be wiſht! What heart of fleſh
ould trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
wn o'er the fate of infinite? what hand,
yond the blackeſt brand of cenſure bold,
o ſpeak a language too well known to thee)
ould at a moment give its all to chance,
nd ſtamp the die for an eternity?
Aid me, Narciſſa! aid me to keep pace
ith deſtiny! and ere her ſciſſars cut
y thread of life, to break this tougher thread
moral death, that ties me to the world.
ing thou my ſlumb'ring reaſon to ſend forth
thought of obſervation on the foe;
ſally; and ſurvey the rapid march
his ten thouſand meſſengers to man;
ho, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.
ll accident apart, by nature ſign'd,
y warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet;
rhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.
Muſt I then forward only look for death?
ckward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
an is a ſelf ſurvivor ev'ry year.
an, like a ſtream, is in perpetual flow.
ath's a deſtroyer of quotidian prey.
y youth, my noon-tide, his; my yeſterday;
e bold invader ſhares the preſent hour.
ch moment on the former ſhuts the grave.
hile man is growing, life is in decreaſe;
nd cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
ir birth is nothing but our death begun:
tapers waſte, that inſtant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, leſt that ſhould come to pa
Which comes to paſs each moment of our lives?
If fear we muſt, let that death turn us pale,
Which murders ſtrength and ardor; what remai
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtleſs of death, but when your neighbour's l
(Rude viſitant!) knocks hard at your dull ſenſe
And with its thunder ſcarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme in ev'ry place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental fires!
A brother tomb to tell you you ſhall die.
That death you dread (ſo great is nature's ſkill!
Know, you ſhall court, before you ſhall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you ſit
In wiſdom, ſhallow: pompous ignorance!
Would you be ſtill more learned, than the learn'
Learn well to know how much need not be kno
And what that knowledge which impairs your ſ
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the page
Of nature, and experience, moral truth;
Of indiſpenſable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in ſcience for diſtinguiſh'd names,
Diſhoneſt fomentation of your pride;
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in fame.
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while ſpeculation ſhines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you, known.
If you would learn death's character, attend.

All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes, not only leave,
But deeply disappoint us, by their deaths!
Tho' great our sorrow, greater our surprize.
Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb;
Be thine, Narcissa!—What tho' short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die;
But how misdated on their flatt'ring tombs!
Narcissa's youth has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her gaiety give counsel too?
That, like the Jew's fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the character of death,
I known to thee, Lorenzo! this thy vaunt:
Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave,
Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
But own man born to live, as well as die.'
Wretched and old thou giv'st him; young and gay
He takes; *and plunder* is a tyrant's joy.

What if I prove, 'The fartheſt from the fear,
'Are often neareſt to the ſtroke of fate?'
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers ſhould emit a flame,
Glad ſpirits ſparkled from Narciſſa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As nature's oppoſites wage endleſs war,
For this offence, as treaſon to the deep
Inviolable ſtupor of his reign,
Where luſt, and turbulent ambition, ſleep,
Death took ſwift vengeance. As he life deteſts,
More life is ſtill more odious; and, reduc'd
By conqueſt, aggrandizes more his pow'r.
But wherefore aggrandiz'd? by heav'n's decree,
To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end,
Thus runs death's dread commiſſion: 'Strike, but ſo
'As moſt alarms the living by the dead.'
Hence ſtratagem delights him, and ſurprize,
And cruel ſport with man's ſecurities.
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is his aim;
And, where leaſt fear'd, there conqueſt triumphs moſt.
This proves my bold aſſertion not too bold.
What are his arts to lay our fears aſleep?
Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap up
In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt night.
Like princes unconfeſs'd in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, death aſſumes
The name and look of life, and dwells among us.
He takes all ſhapes that ſerve his black deſigns:
Tho' maſter of a wider empire far
Than that, o'er which the Roman eagle flew;
Like Nero, he's a fiddler, charioteer,
Or drives his phaeton, in female guiſe;

uite unſuſpected, till, the wheel beneath,
is diſarray'd oblation he devours.
He moſt affects the forms leaſt like himſelf,
is ſlender ſelf. Hence burly corpulence
his familiar wear, and ſleek diſguiſe.
ehind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
r ambuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
dimples deep; loves eddies, which draw in
nwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
ch, on Narciſſa's couch, he loiter'd long
nknown; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
o ſmile; ſuch peace has innocence in death!
Moſt happy they! whom leaſt his arts deceive.
ne eye on death, and one full-fix'd on heav'n,
ecomes a mortal, and immortal man.
ong on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous ſpy,
ve ſeen, or dreamt I ſaw, the tyrant dreſs;
ay by his horrors, and put on his ſmiles.
y, muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
nd ſhew Lorenzo the ſurprizing ſcene;
'twas a dream, his genius can explain.
'Twas in a circle of the gay I ſtood.
eath would have enter'd; nature puſht him back;
pported by a Doctor of renown,
is point he gain'd. Then artfully diſmiſt
e ſage; for death deſign'd to be conceal'd.
e gave an old vivacious uſurer
is meagre aſpect, and his naked bones;
gratitude for plumping up his prey,
pamper'd ſpendthrift; whoſe fantaſtic air,
ell-faſhion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
e took in change, and underneath the pride
coſtly linen, tuck'd his filthy ſhroud.
is *crooked bow he ſtraighten'd to a cane;*
d hid his deadly ſhafts in Myra's eye.

The dreadful maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out ſallies on adventures. Aſk you where?
Where is he not? for his peculiar haunts,
Let this ſuffice; ſure as night follows day,
Death treads in pleaſure's footſteps round the
When pleaſure treads the paths, which reaſon
When, againſt reaſon, riot ſhuts the door,
And gaiety ſupplies the place of ſenſe,
Then, foremoſt at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly c
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: and when the revel burns,
When fear is baniſh'd and triumphant though
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt him turns the key; and bids him ſup
With their progenitors—He drops his maſk;
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire.
Scarce with more ſudden terror and ſurpriz
From his black maſque of nitre, touch'd by fi
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than ſimple conqueſt, in the fiend?
And now, Lorenzo, doſt thou wrap thy ſou
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is death uncertain? therefore thou be fixt;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpe
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And fate ſurprize thee nodding. Watch, be
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,

Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's period hidden (as from moſt)
Hide too from thee the precious uſe of life.
Early, not ſudden, was Narciſſa's fate.
Soon, not ſurpriſing, death his viſit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor gaiety forgot it was to die.
Tho' fortune too (our third and final theme,)
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her ſight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And ev'ry thought that miſſes it, is blind.
Fortune, with youth and gaiety, conſpir'd
To weave a tripple wreath of happineſs
(If happineſs on earth) to crown her brow.
And could death charge thro' ſuch a ſhining ſhield?
That ſhining ſhield invites the tyrant's ſpear.
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And ſtrongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition,
To cull his victims from the faireſt fold,
And ſheath his ſhafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliſs,
Set up in oſtentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When fortune thus has toſs'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble ſtate,
How often have I ſeen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our ev'ning's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal given,

The flow'ry wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.
High fortune ſeems in cruel league with fate.
Aſk you for what? to give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illuſtrious ſpoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo ſtill for the ſublime
Of life? to hang his airy neſt on high,
On the ſlight timber of the topmoſt bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim death at equal diſtance there;
Yet peace begins juſt where ambition ends.
What makes man wretched? Happineſs deny'd?
Lorenzo! no: 'tis happineſs diſdain'd.
She comes too meanly dreſt to win our ſmile;
And calls herſelf Content, a homely name!
Our flame is tranſport, and content our ſcorn.
Ambition turns, and ſhuts the door againſt her,
And weds a toil, a tempeſt, in her ſtead;
A tempeſt to warm tranſport near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal ſtate admits,
Life's modeſt joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
And all our eccſtaſies are wounds to peace:
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And ſince thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond, as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
As late I drew death's picture, to ſtir up
Thy wholeſome fears; now, drawn in contraſt, ſee
Gay fortune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
Unlocks her caſket, ſpreads her glitt'ring ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
ns o'er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings.

Prieſts o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still more ador'd) to ſnatch the golden ſhow'r.
Gold glitters moſt, where virtue ſhines no more;
As ſtars from abſent ſuns have leave to ſhine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennell'd from the priſons, and the ſtews,
Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praiſe!
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morſel on morſel ſwallow down unchew'd,
Untaſted, thro' mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous ſtill,
Sagacious all, to trace the ſmalleſt game,
And bold to ſeize the greateſt. If (bleſt chance!)
Court-zephyrs ſweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er juſt, o'er ſacred, all forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning ſcent of place or pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates ſurvey.
With aim miſmeaſur'd, and impetuous ſpeed,
Some darting, ſtrike their ardent wiſh far off,
Thro' fury to poſſeſs it: ſome ſucceed,
But ſtumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From ſome, by ſudden blaſts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in boſoms that ne'er dream'd of gain.
To ſome it ſticks ſo cloſe, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together ſome (unhappy rivals!) ſeize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and ſmiles:
Smiles too the goddeſs; but ſmiles moſt at thoſe.
(*Juſt victims of* exorbitant deſire!)

Who periſh at their own requeſt, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of laviſh grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers ſlain.
The number ſmall, which happineſs can bear.
Tho' various for a while their fates; at laſt
One curſe involves them all: at death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loſs,
And mourn in juſt proportion to their ſtore.
And death's approach (if orthodox my ſong)
Is haſten'd by the lure of fortune's ſmiles.
And art thou ſtill a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou ſtill rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a ſhining mark, a ſignal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And ſtartles thouſands with a ſingle fall.
As when ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her ſhade,
The ſun's defiance, and the flocks' defence;
By the ſtrong ſtrokes of lab'ring hinds ſubdu'd,
Loud groans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her height,
In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground;
The conſcious foreſt trembles at the ſhock,
And hill, and ſtream, and diſtant dale, reſound.
Theſe high-aim'd darts of death, and theſe alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, ſuſpended in mid air,
Or near heav'n's archer, in the zodiac, hung,
(So could it be) ſhould draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A conſtellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the gay thro' life's tempeſtuous wave;
Nor ſuffer them to ſtrike the common rock,
'From greater danger to grow more ſecure,
And, wrapt in happineſs, forget their fate.'
Lyſander, happy paſt the common lot,

Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aſpaſia: ſhe was kind;
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bleſt:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finiſh'd happineſs?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her ſtately dome
Roſe on the ſounding beach. The glitt'ring ſpires
Float in the wave, and break againſt the ſhore:
So break thoſe glitt'ring ſhadows, human joys.
The faithleſs morning ſmil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace in ecſtaſies, at eve.
The riſing ſtorm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſervant's eye.
She felt it ſeen (her heart was apt to feel;)
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In ſuffocating ſorrows, ſhares his tomb.
Now, round the ſumptuous bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough ſailor paſſing drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears ſuffice?—But not for me.
How vain our efforts! and our arts, how vain!
The diſtant train of thought I took, to ſhun,
Has thrown me on my fate—Theſe dy'd together;
Happy in ruin! undivorc'd by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narciſſa! pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou waſt only near me; not myſelf.
Survive myſelf?—That cures all other woe.
Narciſſa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the ſoft commerce! O the tender ties,
Cloſe-twiſted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the ſoul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? when ſuch friends part,
'Tis the ſurvivor dies—My heart! no more.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE

INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING

THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE,

OF

IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

WHERE, AMONG OTHER THINGS, GLORY AND RICHES ARE PARTICULARLY CONSIDERED.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

ages have been deeper in diſpute about reli-
an this. The diſpute about religion, and the
of it, ſeldom go together. The ſhorter, there-
e diſpute, the better. I think it may be reduc-
iis ſingle queſtion. Is man immortal, or is he
he is not, all our diſputes are mere amuſements,
; of ſkill. In this caſe, truth, reaſon, religion,
;ive our diſcourſes ſuch pomp and ſolemnity,
will be ſhewn) mere empty ſounds, without any
g in them. But if man is immortal, it will be-
m to be very ſerious about eternal conſequen-
, in other words, to be truly religious. And
:at fundamental truth, uneſtabliſhed, or una-
l in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real
ınd ſupport of all our infidelity; how remote
he particular objections advanced may ſeem to
ı it.

ble appearances affect moſt men much more
ſtract reaſonings; and we daily ſee bodies drop
us, but the ſoul is inviſible. The power which
ion has over the judgment, is greater than can
conceived by thoſe that have not had an expe-
f it; and of what numbers is it the ſad intereſt,
ls ſhould not ſurvive! The heathen world con-
hat they rather hoped, than firmly believed im-
ty; and how many heathens have we ſtill
us! The ſacred page aſſures us, that life and
ality is brought to light by the goſpel: but by
ıy is the goſpel rejected, or overlooked! Fro

theſe conſiderations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the ſentiments of ſome particular perſons, I have been long perſuaded, that moſt, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in countenance, they patronize) are ſupported in their deplorable error, by ſome doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And I am ſatisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Chriſtians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conſcious eternal pain or happineſs will certainly be his lot, ſhould not earneſtly, and impartially, inquire after the ſureſt means of eſcaping one, and ſecuring the other. And of ſuch an earneſt and impartial inquiry, I well know the conſequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this moſt fundamental truth, ſome plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irreſiſtible; and ſuch as, I am ſatisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themſelves the ſmall trouble of looking ſeriouſly into their own boſoms, and of obſerving, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily paſſes round about them in the world. If ſome arguments ſhall, here, occur, which others have declined, they are ſubmitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points, the moſt important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer diſputed; but it is undiſputed for this reaſon only; viz. becauſe where the leaſt pretence to reaſon is admitted, it muſt ever be indiſputable. And, of conſequence, no man can be betrayed into a diſpute of that nature by vanity; which has a principal ſhare in

imating our modern combatants againſt other arti-
of our belief.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

SHE* (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like Narciſſa, left the ſcene;
Nor ſudden, like Philander. What avail?
This ſeeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd med'cine heightens the diſeaſe.
The longer known, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
And gradual parting, is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine which extorts
By tardy preſſure's ſtill-increaſing weight,
From hardeſt hearts, confeſſion of diſtreſs.
O the long, dark approach thro' years of pain,
Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it ſo)
With diſmal doubt, and ſable terror, hung;
Sick hope's pale lamp, its only glimm'ring ray
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid ſelf-love itſelf to flatter, there.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſad!
How oft I ſaw her dead, while yet in ſmiles!
In ſmiles ſhe ſunk her grief, to leſſen mine.
She ſpoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.

* *Referring* to night the Fifth.

Like pow'rful armies trenching at a town,
By ſlow, and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs ſap,
In his pale progreſs gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly ſiege; in ſpite of art,
Of all the balmy bleſſings nature lends
To ſuccour frail humanity. Ye ſtars!
(Not now firſt made familiar to my ſight)
And thou, O moon! bear witneſs; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down my ſore attention to the ſhock,
By ceaſeleſs depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful poſt
Of obſervation! darker ev'ry hour!
Leſs dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? more comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedneſs and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the paſs, and barr'd from real life.
Where dwells that wiſh moſt ardent of the wiſe?
Too dark the ſun to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
Too low to reach it; death, great death alone,
O'er ſtars and ſun, triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our tranſition; tho' the mind,
An artiſt at creating ſelf-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? the tyrant never ſat.
Our ſketch all random ſtrokes, conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells one ſingle tale.

Death and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Tear shakes the pencil; fancy loves excess,
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades:
And these the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worst; 'tis past: new prospects rise;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death,
Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
An find the soul unfated with her theme.
Is nature, proof, importance, fire my song.
O that my song could emulate my soul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the soul disdains
A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;
Of endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Set not the laurel, but the palm, inspire.
Thy nature Immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? it is but life
On stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian dye, how black, how brittle here!
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! our highest joys
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how great
To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of reason, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens

Of univerſal nature! to lay hold
By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
Our own! to riſe in ſcience, as in bliſs,
Initiate in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare boſom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate!
To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all ſhadow, blown remote; and leave
No myſtery—but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
Of inward anguiſh, and of outward ill,
From darkneſs, and from duſt, to ſuch a ſcene!
Love's element! true joy's illuſtrious home!
From earth's ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquiſite viciſſitude of fate!
Bleſt abſolution of our blackeſt hour!
Lorenzo, theſe are thoughts that make man man,
The wiſe illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great, (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And ev'ry moment fear to ſink beneath
The clod we tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons)
How great, in the wild whirl of time's purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high preſage,
Through the long viſto of a thouſand years,
To ſtand contemplating our diſtant ſelves,
As in a magnifying mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To propheſy our own futurities!
To gaze in thought on what all thought tranſcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys

As far beyond conception, as deſert,
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd talkers, and the tale!
Lorenzo, ſwells thy boſom at the thought?
The ſwell becomes thee: 'tis an honeſt pride.
Revere thyſelf;—and yet thyſelf deſpiſe.
His nature no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his merit. Take good heed,
Nor there be modeſt, where thou ſhouldſt be proud;
That almoſt univerſal error ſhun.
How juſt our pride, when we behold thoſe heights!
Not thoſe ambition paints in air, but thoſe
Reaſon points out, and ardent virtue gains;
And angels emulate; our pride how juſt!
When mount we? when the ſhackles caſt? when quit
This cell of the creation? this ſmall neſt,
Stuck in a corner of the univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-ſpun air?
Fine ſpun to ſenſe; but groſs and feculent
To ſouls celeſtial; ſouls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial gales, and drink a purer ſky;
Greatly triumphant on time's farther ſhore,
Where virtue reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
While pomp imperial begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud ſcience deep,
Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The guſt, the glow of rational delight,
As on this theme, which angels praiſe and ſhare?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heav'n.
What wretched repetition cloys us here!
What periodic potions for the ſick!
Diſtemper'd bodies! and diſtemper'd minds!
In an eternity, what ſcenes ſhall ſtrike!
Adventures thicken! novelties ſurpriſe!

What webs of wonder ſhall unravel, there!
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footſteps in the deep!
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguiſhable thirſt in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet there!
There, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world material, lately ſeen in ſhades,
And, in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen,
And ſeen thoſe fragments by the lab'ring eye,
Unbroken, then, illuſtrious, and entire,
Its ample ſphere, its univerſal frame,
In full dimenſions, ſwells to the ſurvey;
And enters, at one glance, the raviſh'd ſight.
From ſome ſuperior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reſide)
How ſhall the ſtranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vaſt ocean of unbounded ſpace,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the cryſtal wave of ether pure,
In endleſs voyage, without port? The leaſt
Of theſe diſſeminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers theſe ſurpaſs,
Huge, as leviathan, to that ſmall race,
Thoſe twinkling multitudes of little life,
He ſwallows unperceiv'd! Stupendous theſe!
Yet what are theſe ſtupendous to the whole?
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vaſt the plan: fecundity divine!
Exub'rant ſource! perhaps, I wrong thee ſtill.
If admiration is a ſource of joy,
What tranſport hence! yet the leaſt in heaven,

What this to that illuſtrious robe He wears,
Who toſs this maſs of wonders from his hand,
A ſpecimen, an earneſt, of his power?
'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meaneſt flow'ret to the ſun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this ſun of heav'n?
This bliſs ſupreme of the ſupremely bleſt?
Death, only death, the queſtion can reſolve.
By death, cheap-bought the ideas of our joy;
The bare ideas! ſolid happineſs
So diſtant from its ſhadow, chas'd below.
And chaſe we ſtill the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we ſtill for ſublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, ſpider-like, ſpin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals ſpin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of ſubtle thought, and exquiſite deſign;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A name! a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner ſtill!) inſtead of graſping air,
For ſordid lucre plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, ſweat, through ev'ry ſhame, for ev'ry gain,
For vile contaminating traſh; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, avarice; the two demons theſe,
Which goad through ev'ry ſlough our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches ſtoop! how ſteep they climb!
Theſe demons burn mankind; but moſt poſſeſs
Lorenzo's *boſom*, and turn out the ſkies.

Is it in time to hide eternity?
And why not in an atom on the ſhore,
To cover ocean? or a mote, the ſun?
Glory and wealth! have they this blinding power
What if to them I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it ſurprize thee? Be thou then ſurpriz'd;
Thou neither know'ſt: their nature learn from m
Mark well, as foreign as theſe ſubjects ſeem,
What cloſe connexion ties them to my theme.
Firſt, what is true ambition? The purſuit
Of glory, nothing leſs than man can ſhare.
Were they as vain, as gaudy minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of ſelf-applauſe,
Their arts and conqueſts animals might boaſt,
And claim their laurel crowns as well as we;
But not celeſtial. Here we ſtand alone;
As in our form, diſtinct, pre-eminent
If prone in thought, our ſtature is our ſhame;
And man ſhould bluſh, his forehead meets the ſk
The viſible and preſent are for brutes,
A ſlender portion! and a narrow bound!
Theſe reaſon, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the future and unſeen;
The vaſt unſeen! the future fathomleſs!
When the great ſoul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving groſs nature's ſediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The ſage and hero of the fields and woods,
Aſſerts his rank, and riſes into man.
This is ambition, this is human fire.
Can parts or place (two bold pretenders!) mal
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?
Genius and art, ambition's boaſted wings,
Our boaſt but ill deſerve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian engin'ry! if theſe alone

Aſſiſt our flight, fame's flight is glory's fall.
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er ſo high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright, and baſe,
Of tow'ring talents, and terreſtrial aims;
Methinks I ſee, as thrown from her high ſphere,
The glorious fragments of a ſoul immortal,
With rubbiſh mix'd, and glitt'ring in the duſt.
Struck at the ſplendid, melancholy ſight,
At once compaſſion ſoft, and envy, riſe—
But wherefore envy? talents angels-bright,
If wanting worth, are ſhining inſtruments
In falſe ambition's hand, to finiſh faults
Illuſtrious, and give infamy renown.
Great ill is an achievement of great pow'rs.
Plain ſenſe but rarely leads us far aſtray.
Reaſon the means, affections chuſe our end;
Means have no merit, if our ends amiſs.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applauſe.
Right ends, and means, make wiſdom: worldly wiſe
Is but half-witted, at its higheſt praiſe.
Let genius then deſpair to make thee great:
Nor flatter ſtation: what is ſtation high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boaſts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs, and miniſters, are awful names;
Whoever wears them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a ſupple knee,
To beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt ſlave; all more is merit's due,

Her ſacred and inviolable right;
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majeſty.
Let the ſmall ſavage boaſt his ſilver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, deſcending fairly from his ſires,
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And ſouls in ermin ſcorn a ſoul without?
Can place or leſſen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are Pygmies ſtill, though perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own ſtature, builds himſelf;
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;
Her monuments ſhall laſt, when Egypt's fall.
Of theſe ſure truths doſt thou demand the cauſe?
The cauſe is lodg'd in immortality.
Hear, and aſſent. Thy boſom burns for pow'r;
What ſtation charms thee? I'll inſtall thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before waſt ſomething leſs than man.
Has thy new poſt betray'd thee into pride?
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which ſtaffs or ſtrings can raiſe.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkneſs ſoars,
From blindneſs bold, and tow'ring to the ſkies.
'Tis born of ignorance, which knows not man:
An angel's ſecond; nor his ſecond, long.
A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling ſtring,
But faintly ſhadows an immortal ſoul,
With empire's ſelf, to pride, or rapture fir'd.

If nobler motives miniſter no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
It makes the poſt ſtand candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honeſt man;
Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no ribband, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, though diſgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a maſter's ſmile.
Other ambition nature interdicts;
Nature proclaims it moſt abſurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a ſwathe, at firſt, his whole demand;
His whole domain, at laſt, a turf or ſtone;
To whom, between, a world may ſeem too ſmall.
Souls truly great dart forward on the wing
Of juſt ambition, to the grand reſult,
The curtain's fall; there, ſee the buſkin'd chief
Unſhod behind this momentary ſcene;
Reduc'd to his own ſtature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes;
And laugh at this fantaſtic mummery,
This antic prelude of groteſque events,
Where dwarfs are often ſtilted, and betray
A littleneſs of ſoul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread ſacrifice
To Chriſtian pride! which had with horror ſhockt
The darkeſt Pagans, offer'd to their gods.
O thou moſt Chriſtian enemy to peace!
Again in arms? again provoking fate?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the ſword reluctant, gladly ſheaths;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a ſcaffold to the baſe.

Why this ſo rare? becauſe forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which ſits as judge; that day, which ſhall pronou
On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never ſhut thy thought againſt it
Be levees ne'er ſo full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the cabinet.
That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that ambition? then let flames deſcend,
Point to the centre their inverted ſpires,
And learn humiliation from a ſoul,
Which boaſts her lineage from celeſtial fire.
Yet theſe are they, the world pronounces wiſe;
The world, which cancels nature's right and wr
And caſts new wiſdom: ev'n the grave man len
His ſolemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wiſdom for parts is madneſs for the whole.
This ſtamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wiſeſt weak, the richeſt poor,
The moſt ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it leſs than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his ſoul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching him, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite miſtakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which ſhines abo
Subſtantial happineſs, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at ſtars, and faſten in the mud;
At glory graſp, and ſink in infamy.
Ambition! pow'rful ſource of good and ill!
Thy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in bir

hen diſengag'd from earth, with greater eaſe,
nd ſwifter flight, tranſports us to the ſkies;
y toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
turns a curſe; it is our chain, and ſcourge,
i this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
loſe-grated by the ſordid bars of ſenſe;
ll proſpect of eternity ſhut out;
nd, but for execution, ne'er ſet free.
With error in ambition juſtly charg'd,
ind we Lorenzo wiſer in his wealth?
/hat if thy rental I reform? and draw
n inventory new to ſet thee right?
/here, thy true treaſure? Gold ſays, 'not in me:'
nd, 'not in me,' the di'mond. Gold is poor;
idia's inſolvent: ſeek it in thyſelf,
ek in thy naked ſelf, and find it there;
i being ſo deſcended, form'd, endow'd;
cy-born, ſky-guided, ſky-returning race!
rect, immortal, rational, divine!
i ſenſes, which inherit earth, and heav'ns;
njoy the various riches nature yields;
ir nobler; give the riches they enjoy,
ive taſte to fruits, and harmony to groves;
heir radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire:
ake in, at once, the landſcape of the world,
t a ſmall inlet, which a grain might cloſe,
nd half create the wond'rous world they ſee.
ur ſenſes, as our reaſon, are divine.
it for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
arth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos ſtill.
bjects are but th' occaſion; ours th' exploit;
ars is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
hich nature's admirable picture draws;
nd beautifies creation's ample dome.
e *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,

Man makes the matchleſs image, man admires.
Say then, ſhall man, his thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior wonders in himſelf forgot,
His admiration waſte on objects round,
When heav'n makes him the ſoul of all he ſees?
Abſurd! not rare! ſo great, ſo mean, is man.
What wealth in ſenſes ſuch as theſe! what wea
In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer ſcene
Than ſenſe ſurveys! in mem'ry's firm record,
Which, ſhould it periſh, could this world recall
From the dark ſhadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours freſh, originally bright
Preſerves its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in intellect, that ſov'reign pow'r!
Which ſenſe, and fancy, ſummons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the maſs thoſe underlings import,
From their materials ſifted, and refin'd,
And in truth's balance, accurately weigh'd,
Forms art, and ſcience, government, and law;
The ſolid baſis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of civil life!
And manners (ſad exception!) ſet aſide,
Strikes out, with maſter hand, a copy fair
Of his idea, whoſe indulgent thought,
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd human bliſs.
What wealth in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around,
Diſdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extenſive, hear
The almighty *fiat*, and the trumpet's ſound!
Bold, on creation's outſide walk, and view
What was, and is, and more than e'er ſhall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creation's new in fancy's field to riſe!
Souls, that can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made

And wander wild thro' things impoſſible!
What wealth, in faculties of endleſs growth,
In quenchleſs paſſions violent to crave,
In liberty to chuſe, in pow'r to reach,
And in duration (how thy riches riſe!)
Duration to perpetuate—boundleſs bliſs!
Aſk you, what pow'r reſides in feeble man
That bliſs to gain? Is virtue's, then, unknown?
Virtue, our preſent peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural eſtate,
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure ſure; its income is divine.
High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer ſcramble for the throng?
Soon as this feeble pulſe, which leaps ſo long
Almoſt by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbiſh from diſploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverſe; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New maſters court, and call the former fool
(How juſtly!) for dependence on their ſtay.
Wide ſcatter, firſt, our play-things; then, our duſt.
Doſt court abundance for the ſake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy ſelf-defeated ſcheme:
Riches enable to be richer ſtill;
And, richer ſtill, what mortal can reſiſt?
Thus wealth (a cruel taſk-maſter!) enjoins
New toils, ſucceeding toils, an endleſs train!
And murders peace, which taught it firſt to ſhine.
The poor are half as wretched, as the rich;
Whoſe proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the ſtings of envy, and of want,
Outrageous want! both Indies cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not diſeaſe;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happineſs.
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where heav'n can give no more!
More, like a flaſh of water from a lock,
Quickens our ſpirit's movements for an hour;
But ſoon its force is ſpent, nor riſe our joys
Above our native temper's common ſtream.
Hence diſappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flow'rs; and ſtings us with ſucceſs.
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wiſe are privy to the lie.
Much learning ſhews how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At beſt, it babies us with endleſs toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to duſt.
As monkeys at a mirror ſtand amaz'd,
They fail to find, what they ſo plainly ſee:
Thus men, in ſhining riches, ſee the face
Of happineſs, nor know it is a ſhade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again;
And wiſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.
How few can reſcue opulence from want!
Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to fortune, trembles at her pow'r.
The man of reaſon ſmiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this! a being
Of ſuch inherent ſtrength and majeſty,
Not worlds poſſeſt can raiſe it; worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious courſe,
When thine, O nature! ends; too bleſt to mour

Creation's obſequies. What treaſure, this!
The monarch is a beggar to the man.
Immortal! ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unſhorten'd by progreſſion infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning ſtill, where computation ends!
Tis the deſcription of a Deity!
Tis the deſcription of the meaneſt ſlave:
The meaneſt ſlave dares then Lorenzo ſcorn?
The meaneſt ſlave thy ſov'reign glory ſhares.
Proud youth! faſtidious of the lower world!
Man's lawful pride includes humility;
Stoops to the loweſt; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors eternal of thy love.
IMMORTAL! what can ſtrike the ſenſe ſo ſtrong,
As this the ſoul? It thunders to the thought;
Reaſon amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms;
No more we ſlumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the ſound, th' exulting ſoul aſcends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans etherial fires;
Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the ſtars.
Has not Lorenzo's boſom caught the flame
Immortal! were but one immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Becauſe 'tis common, is the bleſſing loſt?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heav'n
O vain, vain, vain! all elſe! eternity!
A glorious, and a needful refuge, that,
From vile impriſonment, in abject views.
Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abaſements, emptineſs,

The ſoul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror thoſe; and theſe their luſtre loſe;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all achieves;
Sets earth at diſtance; caſts her into ſhades;
Blends her diſtinction; abrogates her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and ſevere,
Fortune's dread frowns, and faſcinating ſmiles,
Make one promiſcuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inſpires.
Nothing terreſtrial touches his high thought;
Suns ſhine unſeen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conſcious of their high deſcent,
Their preſent province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wiſh,
Warm on the wing, in glorious abſence loſt.

Doubt you this truth? why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb, by ſome due-diſtanc'd eye
Were ſeen at once, her tow'ring Alps would ſink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even ſphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is ſwallow'd in eternity's vaſt round.
To that ſtupendous view, when ſouls awake,
So large of late, ſo mountainous to man,
Time's toys ſubſide; and equal all below.

Enthuſiaſtic, this? then all are weak,
But rank enthuſiaſts. To this godlike height
Some ſouls have ſoar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all may do, what has by man been done.
Who, beaten by theſe ſublunary ſtorms,
Boundleſs, interminable, joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd unexalted, unindam'd?

What ſlave unbleſt, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? he forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his abſent ſceptre waves.
  And what a ſceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immenſe appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human ſoul divine!
Too great the bounty ſeems for earthly joy:
What heart but trembles at ſo ſtrange a bliſs?
  In ſpite of all the truths the muſe has ſung,
Ne'er to be pris'd enough? enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world ſo cloſe about them,
They ſee no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedleſs vanity's phantaſtic toe,
Till, ſtumbling at a ſtraw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and ſong?
Are there Lorenzo? is it poſſible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a ſoul immortal in their breaſts;
Unconſcious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its ineſtimable gem?
When rocks ſhall melt, and mountains vaniſh, theſe
Shall know their treaſure; treaſure, then, no more.
  Are there (ſtill more amazing) who reſiſt
The riſing thought? who ſmother in its birth,
The glorious truth? who ſtruggle to be brutes?
Who thro' this boſom-barrier burſt their way?
And with reverſt ambition, ſtrive to ſink:
Who labour downwards thro' th' oppoſing powers
Of inſtinct, reaſon, and the world againſt them,
To diſmal hopes, and ſhelter in the ſhock
Of endleſs night? night darker than the grave's?
Who *fight the proofs* of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,

Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to themselves?
To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?
All things proclaim it needful; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From heav'n, and earth, and man. Indulge a few
By nature, as her common habit, worn;
So pressing providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
THOU! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's or angel's had begun;
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault,
Thy glorious immortality in man:
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love thee most, who most adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the great immutable, to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her is most wise.
Lorenzo, to this heav'nly Delphos haste;
And come back all immortal; all divine:
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death. Day follows night; and a
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;

Earth takes th' example. See, the ſummer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambroſial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn: winter grey,
Horrid with froſt, and turbulent with ſtorm,
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the ſpring: ſoft ſpring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the ſouth,
Recalls the firſt. All, to re-flouriſh, fades.
As in a wheel, all ſinks to re-aſcend.
Emblems of man, who paſſes, not expires.
With this minute diſtinction, emblems juſt,
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal, that a circle, this a line.
That gravitates, this ſoars. Th' aſpiring ſoul
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, aſcends;
Zeal, and humility, her wings to heav'n.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vaſt maſs, and ſhall for ever roll.
No ſingle atom, once in being, loſt,
With change of council charges the Moſt High.
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?
Matter immortal? and ſhall ſpirit die?
Above the nobler, ſhall leſs noble riſe?
Shall man alone, for whom all elſe revives,
No reſurrection know? ſhall man alone,
Imperial man? be ſown in barren ground,
Leſs privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
The bliſs of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the ſpleen of fate,
Severely doom'd death's ſingle unredeem'd?
If nature's revolution ſpeaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder ſtill.
Look nature thro', 'tis near gradation all.

By what minute degrees her ſcale aſcends?
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally ſhot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns?
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and ſenſe,
There, ſenſe from reaſon ſteals a glimm'ring ray;
Reaſon ſhines out in man. But how preſerv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? thoſe realms of bliſs,
Where death has no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthly, part;
And part ethereal; grant the ſoul of man
Eternal; or in man the ſeries ends.
Wide yawns the gap: connexion is no more;
Checkt reaſon halts; her next ſtep wants ſupport;
Striving to climb, ſhe tumbles from her ſcheme;
A ſcheme, analogy pronounc'd ſo true;
Analogy, man's ſureſt guide below.
Thus far, all nature calls on thy belief.
And will Lorenzo, careleſs of the call,
Falſe atteſtation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reaſon, rather than renounce
The duſt belov'd, and run the riſk of heav'n?
O what indignity to deathleſs ſouls!
What treaſon to the majeſty of man!
Of man immortal! hear the lofty ſtyle:
'If ſo decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
'Let earth diſſolve, yon pond'rous orbs deſcend,
'And grind us into duſt: the ſoul is ſafe;
'The man emerges; mounts above the wreck
'*As tow'ring* flame from nature's funeral pyre;
'*O'er devaſtation, as a gainer, ſmiles;*

charter, his inviolable rights,
ll-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
ıth's pointleſs darts, and hell's defeated ſtorms.'
t theſe chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
glories of the world, thy ſev'nfold ſhield.
: ambition than of crowns in air,
ſuperlunary felicities,
boſom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
turn thoſe glories that inchant, againſt thee.
t ties thee to this life, proclaims the next.
ſe, the cauſe that wounds thee is thy cure.
me, my ambitious! let us mount together!
mount Lorenzo never can refuſe!)
from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
down on earth.—What ſeeſt thou? Wond'rous
ſtrial wonders, that eclipſe the ſkies. [things!
t lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas?
ed by man, for pleaſure, wealth, or war!
winds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
ırt acknowledge, and promote his ends.
:an th' eternal rocks his will withſtand;
t levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
vales and mountains ſumptuous cities ſwell,
gild our landſcape with their glitt'ring ſpires.
: 'mid the wond'ring waves majeſtic riſe;
Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
greater ſtill (what cannot mortal might?)
wide dominions raviſh'd from the deep!
narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
outhward turn; to delicate, and grand,
finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
nd the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch
's us *half-heav'n* beneath its ample bend.
thro' mid air, here, ſtreams are taught to flow

Whole rivers, there, laid by in baſons, ſleep.
Here, plains turn oceans? there, vaſt oceans join
Thro' kingdoms channell'd deep from ſhore to ſhore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the ſword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders riſe;
Britannia's voice! that awe's the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-ſea, furious waves! their roar amidſt,
Out-ſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, 'O main!
'Thus far, not farther; new reſtraints obey.'
Earth's diſembowel'd! meaſur'd are the ſkies!
Stars are detected in their deep receſs!
Creation widens! vanquiſh'd nature yields!
Her ſecrets are extorted! art prevails;
What monument of genius, ſpirit, power!
And now, Lorenzo! raptur'd at this ſcene,
Whoſe glories render heaven ſuperfluous! ſay,
Whoſe footſteps theſe?—Immortals have been here.
Could leſs than ſouls immortal this have done?
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of ſouls immortal;
And proofs of immortality forgot.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confeſs,
Theſe are ambition's works: and theſe are great:
But this, the leaſt immortal ſouls can do;
Tranſcend them all—But what can theſe tranſcend?
Doſt aſk me, what?—One ſigh for the diſtreſt.
What then for infidels? A deeper ſigh.
'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man:
How little they, who think aught great below?
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns.—Here ceaſe we: but, ere long,
More pow'rful proof ſhall take the field againſt thee,
Stronger than death, and ſmiling at the tomb.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

CONTAINING

THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE

OF

IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners of France. A land of levity, is a land of guilt. A ſerious mind is the native ſoil of every virtue; and the ſingle character that does true honour to mankind. The ſoul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the ſerious of all ages. Nor is it ſtrange; it is a ſubject by far the moſt intereſting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of higheſt moment this ſubject always was, and always will be. Yet this its higheſt moment ſeems to admit of increaſe, at this day; a ſort of occaſional importance is ſuperadded to the natural weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding night, be juſt. It is there ſuppoſed, that all our infidels, whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in countenance, they patronize, are betray'd into their deplorable error, by ſome doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And the more I conſider this point, the more I am perſuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the diſtruſt of a futurity is a ſtrange error; yet is it an error into which bad men may naturally be diſtreſſed. For it is impoſſible to bid defiance to final ruin, without ſome refuge in imagination, ſome preſumption of eſcape. And what preſumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compaſs of human thought. And theſe are, That either GOD will not, or can not puniſh. Conſidering the divine attributes, the firſt is too groſs to

digeſted by our ſtrongeſt wiſhes. And ſince om-
potence is as much a divine attribute as holineſs,
at God cannot puniſh, is as abſurd a ſuppoſition, as
e former. God certainly can puniſh, as long as
icked men exiſt. In non-exiſtence, therefore, is their
ily refuge; and, conſequently, non-exiſtence is their
ongeſt wiſh. And ſtrong wiſhes have a ſtrange in-
ience on our opinions; they bias the judgment, in
manner, almoſt incredible. And, ſince on this mem-
r of their alternative, there are ſome very ſmall ap-
arances in their favour, and none at all on the oth-
; they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chi-
era, to ſave themſelves from the ſhock, and horror,
an immediate, and abſolute deſpair.

On reviewing my ſubject, by the light which this
gument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it,
was more inclined than ever to purſue it, as it ap-
ared to me to ſtrike directly at the main root of all
r infidelity. In the following pages, it is, accord-
gly, purſued at large; and ſome arguments for im-
ortality, new (at leaſt to me,) are ventured on in
em. There alſo the writer has made an attempt
ſet the groſs abſurdities and horrors of annihilation
a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think)
be met with elſewhere.

The gentlemen, for whoſe ſake this attempt was
iefly made, profeſs great admiration for the wiſdom
heathen antiquity: what pity 'tis they are not ſin-
e! if they were ſincere, how would it mortify them
conſider, with what contempt, and abhorrence,
eir notions would have been received, by thoſe whom
ey ſo much admire? what degree of contempt, and
horrence, would fall to their ſhare, may be conjec-
ed by the *following* matter of fact (in my opinion)
remely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies,

Socrates ('tis well known) was the moſt guarded, diſpaſſionate, and compoſed; yet this great maſter of temper was angry; and angry at his laſt hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deſerved acknowledgment, angry, for a right and tender inſtance of true friendſhip towards him. Is not this ſurpriſing? what could be the cauſe? The cauſe was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality: for his friend aſking him, with ſuch an affectionate concern as became a friend, 'Where he ſhould depoſite his remains?' It was reſented by Socrates, as implying a diſhonourable ſuppoſition that he could be ſo mean, as to have regard for any thing, even in himſelf, that was not immortal.

This fact well conſidered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illuſtrious example, to ſhare his glory: and conſequently, it would incline them to peruſe the following pages with candor and impartiality: which is all I deſire; and that, for their ſakes: for I am perſuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel muſt, neceſſarily, receive ſome advantageous impreſſions from them.

JULY 7th, 1744.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call:
/hat day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
o wake the ſoul to ſenſe of future ſcenes?
eaths ſtand, like Mercurys, in ev'ry way;
nd kindly point us to our journey's end.
'pe, who couldſt make immortals! art thou dead?
ive thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
ſoon to follow. Man but dives in death;
ves from the ſun, in fairer day to riſe;
e grave, his ſubterranean road to bliſs.
s, infinite indulgence plann'd it ſo;
re' various parts our glorious ſtory runs;
me gives the preface, endleſs age unrolls
e volume (ne'er unroll'd) of human fate.
This, earth and ſkies* already have proclaim'd:
e worlds a prophecy of worlds to come;
d who, what God foretells (who ſpeaks in things,
ll louder than in words) ſhall dare deny?
nature's arguments appear too weak,
rn a new leaf, and ſtronger read in man.

* Night the Sixth.

If man ſleeps on, untaught by what he ſees,
Can he prove infidel to what he feels?
He, whoſe blind thought futurity denies,
Unconſcious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himſelf;
Who reads his boſom, reads immortal life;
Or, nature, there, impoſing on her ſons,
Has written fables; man was made a lie.
Why diſcontent for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable conſumption of our peace!
Reſolve me, why, the cottager, and king,
He whom ſea-ſever'd realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole dominion from the waſte,
Repelling winter blaſts with mud and ſtraw,
Diſquieted alike, draw ſigh for ſigh,
In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near?
Is it, that things terreſtrial can't content?
Deep in rich paſture, will thy flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet ſerene. Man, ill at eaſe,
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food,
Than was ordain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething more, when moſt enjoy'd
Is heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from inſtinct, tho', perhaps, debauch
By ſenſe, his reaſon ſleeps, nor dreams the cauſe
The cauſe how obvious, when his reaſon wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in diſguiſe;
And diſcontent is immortality.
Shall ſons of ether, ſhall the blood of heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and ſtable here,

th brutal acquieſcence in the mire?
renzo! no! they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
e glorious foreigners, diſtreſt, ſhall ſigh
thrones; and thou congratulate the ſigh:
n's miſery declares him born for bliſs;
; anxious heart aſſerts the truth I ſing,
d gives the ſceptic in his head the lie.
Our heads, our hearts, our paſſions, and our powers,
:ak the ſame language; call us to the ſkies:
ripen'd theſe, in this inclement clime,
ırce riſe above conjecture, and miſtake;
d for this land of trifles thoſe too ſtrong
multuous riſe, and tempeſt human life;
ıat prize on earth can pay us for the ſtorm
et objects for our paſſions heav'n ordain'd,
jects that challenge all their fire, and leave
fault, but in defect: bleſt heav'n! avert
bounded ardor for unbounded bliſs;
or a bliſs unbounded! far beneath
ſoul immortal, is a mortal joy.
r are our pow'rs to periſh immature;
t, after feeble effort here, beneath
brighter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
anſplanted from this ſublunary bed,
ıll flouriſh fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reaſon progreſſive, inſtinct is complete;
ift inſtinct leaps; ſlow reaſon feebly climbs.
ıtes ſoon their zenith reach; their little all
ws in at once; in ages they no more
ıld know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
:re man to live coeval with the ſun,
e patriarch-pupil would be learning ſtill;
:, dying, leave his leſſon half-unlearnt.
n periſh in advance, as if the ſun
uld ſet e'er noon, in eaſtern ocean drown'd;

If fit, with dim, illuſtrious to compare,
The ſun's meridian, with the ſoul of man.
To man, why, ſtepdame nature! ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy maſter-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man muſt die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread?
Why curſt with foreſight? wiſe to miſery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why leſs pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
His immortality alone can tell;
Full ample fund to balance all amiſs,
And turn the ſcale in favour of the juſt.
His immortality alone can ſolve
That darkeſt of enigmas, human hope;
Of all the darkeſt, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' aſſaſſin of our joy,
All preſent bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than deſpair.
With no paſt toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for eaſe.
Poſſeſſion, why, more taſteleſs than purſuit;
Why is a wiſh far dearer than a crown?
That wiſh accompliſhed, why, the grave of bliſs
Becauſe, in the great future bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies all that man with ardor ſhould purſue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' ALMIGHTY to the future ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings;
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ſtill;
'More, more!' the glutton cries: for ſomething new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will deſcend. He ſtarves on the poſſeſt.

Hence, the world's maſter, from ambition's ſpire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank ſty why wallow'd empire's ſon
Supreme? becauſe he could no higher fly;
His riot was ambition in deſpair.
Old Rome conſulted birds; Lorenzo! thou
With more ſucceſs, the flight of hope ſurvey;
Of reſtleſs hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And, never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There ſhould it fail us (it muſt fail us there,
If being fails) more mournful riddles riſe,
And virtue vies with hope in myſtery.
Why virtue? where its praiſe, its being, fled?
Virtue is true ſelf-intereſt purſu'd:
What true ſelf-intereſt of quite mortal man
To cloſe with all that makes him happy here.
If vice (as ſometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our ſov'reign good.
In ſelf-applauſe is virtue's golden prize;
No ſelf-applauſe attends it on thy ſcheme:
Whence ſelf-applauſe? from conſcience of the right.
And what is right, but means of happineſs?
No means of happineſs when virtue yields;
That baſis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin ev'ry virtuous joy.
The rigid guardian of a blameleſs heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
Why beats thy boſom with illuſtrious dreams
Of *ſelf-expoſure, laud*able, and great?
Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?

Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
Thy country! what to thee?—the Godhead; w
(I speak with awe!) tho' he should bid thee ble
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.
Nor is it disobedience: know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY'S subsequent command
His first command is this:—'Man, love thyself.
In this alone, free-agents are not free.
Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
If virtue costs existence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law supreme,
Black suicide; tho' nations, which consult
Their gain, at thy expence, resound applause.
Since virtue's recompence is doubtful, here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers nature lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wisest loudest in her praise?
Can man by reason's beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or both are true; or man survives the grave.
Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.

Grant man immortal, and thy ſcorn is juſt.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares ruſh on death—becauſe he cannot die.
But if man loſes all, when life is loſt,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and ſuch there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought)
Of all earth's madmen, moſt deſerves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, ſcience, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for worth, whoſe noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher ſtyle,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers;
Dream we, that luſtre of the moral world
Goes out to ſtench, and rottenneſs the cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to know, and warm to praiſe,
And ſtrenuous to tranſcribe, in human life,
The mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that fate,
Juſt when the lineaments began to ſhine,
And dawn the DEITY, ſhould ſnatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The ſkies alarm, leſt angels too might die?
If human ſouls, why not angelic too
Extinguiſh'd? and a ſolitary GOD,
O'er ghaſtly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we this moment gaze on GOD in man?
The next, loſe man for ever in the duſt?
From duſt we diſengage, or man miſtakes;
And there, where laſt his judgment fears a flaw.
Wiſdom and worth, how boldly he commends!
Wiſdom and worth, are ſacred names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not *compaſſion*'d too? If ſpirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,

To make us but more wretch'd: wiſdom's eye
Acute, for what? to ſpy more miſeries;
And worth, ſo recompens'd, new-points their ſtin
Or man ſurmounts the grave, or gain is loſs,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a ſcheme that makes
Weakneſs, and vice, the refuge of mankind.
'Has virtue, then, no joys?' Yes, joys dear-boug
Talk ne'er ſo long, in this imperfect ſtate,
Virtue, and vice, are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
Or for precarious, or for ſmall reward?
Who virtue's ſelf-reward ſo loud reſound,
Would take degrees angelic here below,
And virtue, while they compliment betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' unfading crown, her ſoul inſpires:
'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
The body's treach'ries, and the world's aſſaults:
On earth's poor pay our famiſh'd virtue dies.
Truth inconteſtible! in ſpite of all
A BAYLE has preach'd, or a V——z believ'd.
In man the more we dive, the more we ſee
Heav'n's ſignet ſtamping an immortal make.
Dive to the bottom of his ſoul, the baſe
Suſtaining all; what find we? knowledge, love.
As light, and heat, eſſential to the ſun,
Theſe to the ſoul. And why, if ſouls expire?
How little lovely here? how little known?
Small knowledge we dig up with endleſs toil;
And love unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect hate.
Why ſtarv'd, on earth, our angel-appetites;
While brutal are indulg'd their fulſome fill?
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock diadem, in ſavage ſport,

Rank inſult of our pompous poverty,
Which reaps but pain, from ſeeming claims ſo fair?
In future age lies no redreſs? and ſhuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange ends were mortals made!
The worſt to wallow, and the beſt to weep;
The man who merits moſt, muſt moſt complain:
Can we conceive a diſregard in heav'n,
What the worſt perpetrate, or beſt endure?
This cannot be. To love, and know, in man
Is boundleſs appetite, and boundleſs pow'r;
And theſe demonſtrate boundleſs objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heaven ſuits in all;
Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this ſweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful ſtring.
Is man the ſole exception from her laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human hope,
(I ſpeak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monſter, the reproach of heaven,
A ſtain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aſpect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
If ſuch is man's allotment, what is heaven?
Or own the ſoul immortal, or blaſpheme.
Or own the ſoul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock majeſty! go, man!
And bow to thy ſuperiors of the ſtall;
Thro' ev'ry ſcene of ſenſe ſuperior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the ſtream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs;
Mankind's peculiar! reaſon's precious dower!
No foreign clime they ranſack for their robes;
Nor *brothers cite to* the litigious bar;

Their good is good entire, unmixed, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in ev'ry field,
On boughs forbidden where no curſes hang:
Their ill, no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe; unſtretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the worſt comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but once;
Bleſt, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher, or hero, ſighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpſe of day, to ſolve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O ſole and ſweet ſolution! that unties
The difficult, and ſoftens the ſevere;
The cloud on nature's beauteous face diſpels;
Reſtores bright order; caſts the brute beneath;
And re-enthrones us in ſupremacy
Of joy, ev'n here: admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more;
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reverſion: hope exults;
And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taſte of heaven.
O wherefore is the DEITY ſo kind?
Aſtoniſhing beyond aſtoniſhment!
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.
Still unſubdu'd thy ſtubborn heart?—For there
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I ſing.
Reaſon is guiltleſs; will alone rebels.
What, in that ſtubborn heart, if I ſhould find
New, unexpected witneſſes againſt thee?
Ambition, pleaſure, and the love of gain!
Canſt thou ſuſpect, that theſe, which make the ſoul
The ſlave of earth, ſhould own her heir of heav'n?

Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us diſbelieve
Our immortality, ſhould prove it ſure?
First, then, ambition ſummon to the bar.
Ambition's ſhame, extravagance, diſguſt,
And inextinguiſhable nature, ſpeak.
Each much depoſes; hear them in their turn.
Thy ſoul, how paſſionately fond of fame!
How anxious, that fond paſſion to conceal!
We bluſh, detected in deſigns on praiſe,
Tho' for beſt deeds, and from the beſt of men;
And why? becauſe immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the ſoul;
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which ſtoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment ſit
Far more than man, with endleſs praiſe, and blame.
Ambition's boundleſs appetite out-ſpeaks
The verdict of its ſhame. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,
One age is poor applauſe; the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time muſt echo; worlds unborn, reſound.
We wiſh our names eternally to live:
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Inſtinct points out an int'reſt in hereafter;
But our blind reaſon ſees not where it lies;
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And in itſelf a ſhadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
'And is this all?' cry'd CÆSAR, at his height,

Diſguſted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,
Obſerve him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt, between
The paſſion, and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At ſuch ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.
And can ambition a fourth proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'erlook'd by ſome reputed wiſe.
Tho' diſappointments in ambition pain,
And tho' ſucceſs diſguſts; yet ſtill, Lorenzo!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our hearts;
By nature planted for the nobleſt ends.
Abſurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus giv'n,
More prais'd, than ponder'd; ſpecious, but unſou
Sooner that hero's ſword the world had quell'd,
Than reaſon, his ambition. Man muſt ſoar.
An obſtinate activity within,
An inſuppreſſive ſpring, will toſs him up
In ſpite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd ſlave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of ſtraw,
Echo the proud Aſſyrian, in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? Becauſe immortal as their lord;
And ſouls immortal muſt forever heave
At ſomething great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praiſe of mortals, or the praiſe of heaven.
Nor abſolutely vain is human praiſe,
When human is ſupported by divine.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to himſelf:

Pleaſure and pride (bad maſters!) ſhare our hearts.
As love of pleaſure is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of praiſe is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the love of praiſe, inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,
Earth's happineſs? from that, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of civil life.
Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
The baſis, on which love of glory builds.
Nor is thy life, O Virtue! leſs in debt
To praiſe, thy ſecret ſtimulating friend.
Were men not proud, what merit ſhould we miſs?
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.
Praiſe is the ſalt that ſeaſons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.
Thirſt of applauſe is virtue's ſecond guard;
Reaſon, her firſt; but reaſon wants an aid;
Our private reaſon is a flatterer;
Thirſt of applauſe calls public judgment in,
To poiſe our own, to keep an even ſcale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
Here a fifth proof ariſes, ſtronger ſtill;
Why this ſo nice conſtruction of our hearts?
Theſe delicate moralities of ſenſe;
This conſtitutional reſerve of aid
To ſuccour virtue, when our reaſon fails;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of diſciplines, and pains, unpaid) muſt die?
Why freighted rich, to daſh againſt a rock?
Were *man to periſh* when moſt fit to live,
O how miſpent were all theſe ſtratagems,

By ſkill divine enwoven in our frame?
Where are heav'n's holineſs and mercy fled?
Laughs heav'n, at once, at virtue, and at man?
If not, why that diſcourag'd, this deſtroy'd?
Thus far ambition. What ſays avarice?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine:
'The wiſe and wealthy are the ſame.'—I grant it
To ſtore up treaſure, with inceſſant toil,
This is man's province, this his higheſt praiſe.
To this great end keen inſtinct ſtings him on.
To guide that inſtinct, reaſon! is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where true treaſure lies:
But, reaſon failing to diſcharge her truſt,
Or to the deaf diſcharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind induſtry,
Gall'd by the ſpur, but ſtranger to the courſe,
(The courſe where ſtakes of more than gold are w
O'erloading, with the cares of diſtant age,
The jaded ſpirits of the preſent hour,
Provides for an eternity below.
'Thou ſhalt not covet,' is a wiſe command;
But bounded to the wealth the ſun ſurveys:
Look farther, the command ſtands quite revers'd,
And av'rice is a virtue moſt divine.
Is faith a refuge for our happineſs?
Moſt ſure: and is it not for reaſon too?
Nothing this world unriddles, but the next.
Whence inextinguiſhable thirſt of gain?
From inextinguiſhable life in man:
Man, if not meant, by worth, to reach the ſkies,
Had wanted wing to fly ſo far in guilt.
Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice:
Yet ſtill their root is immortality.
Theſe its wild growths ſo bitter, and ſo baſe,
Pain and reproach!) religion can reclaim,

Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
And make them ſparkle in the bowl of bliſs.
See, the third witneſs laughs at bliſs remote,
And falſely promiſes an Eden here:
Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, tho' prone to lie,
A common cheat, and Pleaſure is her name.
To pleaſure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now firſt thy real friend.
Since nature made us not more fond than proud
Of happineſs (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of ſmiles!)
Why ſhould the joy moſt poignant ſenſe affords,
Burn us with bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
Thoſe heav'n-born bluſhes tell us man deſcends,
Ev'n in the zenith of his earthly bliſs:
Should reaſon take her infidel repoſe,
This honeſt inſtinct ſpeaks our lineage high;
This inſtinct calls on darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the ſtalls.
Our glory covers us with noble ſhame,
And he that's unconfounded, is unmann'd.
The man that bluſhes, is not quite a brute.
Thus far with thee, Lorenzo! will I cloſe,
Pleaſure is good, and man for pleaſure made;
But pleaſure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleaſure, which neither bluſhes, nor expires.
The witneſſes are heard; the cauſe is o'er;
Let conſcience file the ſentence in her court,
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey:
Thus, ſeal'd by truth, th' authentic record runs.
'Know, all; know, infidels,—unapt to know!
'Tis immortality your nature ſolves;
'Tis immortality decyphers man,
And opens all the myſt'ries of his make.
Without it, half his inſtincts are a riddle;
Without it, all his virtues are a dream.

'His very crimes atteſt his dignity;
'His fateleſs thirſt of pleaſure, gold, and fame,
'Declares him born for bleſſings infinite:
'What leſs than infinite, makes unabſurd
'Paſſions, which all on earth but more inflames?
'Fierce paſſions, ſo miſmeaſur'd to this ſcene,
'Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our neſt,
'Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
'For earth too large, preſage a nobler flight,
'And evidence our title to the ſkies.'

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think ardour comes from hel
Think not our paſſions from corruption ſprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings;
That is their miſtreſs, not their mother. All
(And juſtly) reaſon deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur in the paſſions too,
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent and glorious end:
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong,
Ere Adam fell; tho' wiſer in their aim.
Like the proud Eaſtern, ſtruck by Providence,
What tho' our paſſions are run mad, and ſtoop
With low, terreſtrial appetite, to graze
On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, thro' their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us whence they fell:
But theſe (like that fallen monarch when reclaim'
When reaſon moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrenzy laſts; their phrenzy fails
To diſappoint one providential end,
For which heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were reaſon ſilent, boundleſs paſſion ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all;
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it ſure.
Conſider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible all; and all is great;
A cryſtalline tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre, thro' the human ſphere;
Conſider man as mortal, all is dark,
And wretched; reaſon weeps at the ſurvey.
The learn'd Lorenzo cries, 'and let her weep,
'Weak, modern reaſon: ancient times were wiſe.
'Authority, that venerable guide,
'Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch
'(And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)
'Deny'd this immortality to man.'
I grant it; but affirm, they prov'd it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wiſdom's page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Fable is flat to theſe high-ſeaſon'd fires;
They leave th' extravagance of ſong below.
'Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
'The dagger, or the rack; to them, alike
'A bed of roſes, or the burning bull.'
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, this! As doctrine, it was ſtrange;
But not, as prophecy; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmneſs Chriſtians need not feign.

The Chriſtian truly triumph'd in the flame:
The Stoic ſaw, in double wonder loſt,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himſelf,
To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lie in vain.
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? thoſe tow'r
thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights? From inſtinct, and from
The glorious inſtinct of a deathleſs ſoul,
Confus'dly conſcious of her dignity,
Suggeſted truths they could not underſtand.
In luſts dominion, and in paſſion's ſtorm,
Truth's ſyſtem broken, ſcatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom;
Smit with the pomp of lofty ſentiments,
Pleas'd pride proclaim'd, what reaſon diſbelieve
Pride, like the Delphic prieſteſs, with a ſwell,
Rav'd nonſenſe, deſtin'd to the future ſenſe,
When life immortal, in full day, ſhould ſhine;
And death's dark ſhadows fly the goſpel ſun.
They ſpoke, what nothing but immortal ſouls
Could ſpeak; and thus the truth they queſtion'd, p
Can then abſurdities, as well as crimes,
Speak man immortal? all things ſpeak him ſo.
Much has been urg'd; and doſt thou call for m
Call; and with endleſs queſtions be diſtreſt,
All unreſolvable, if earth is all.
Why life, a moment; infinite, deſire?
'Our wiſh, eternity? Our home, the grave?
'Heav'n's promiſe dormant lies in human hop
'Who wiſhes life immortal, proves it too.
'Why happineſs purſu'd, tho' never found?
'Man's thirſt of happineſs declares it is
'(*For* nature never gravitates to nought;)
That thirſt unquench't declares it is not here

'My Lucia, thy Clariſſa, call to thought;
'Why cordial friendſhip rivited ſo deep,
'As hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting, rend,
'If friend, and friendſhip, vaniſh in an hour?
'Is not this torment in the maſk of joy?
'Why by reflection marr'd the joys of ſenſe?
'Why paſt, and future, preying on our hearts?
'And putting all our preſent joys to death?
'Why labours reaſon? inſtinct were as well;
'Inſtinct, far better? what can chuſe, can err:
'O how infallible the thoughtleſs brute!
'Twere well his holineſs were half as ſure.
'Reaſon with inclination, why at war?
'Why ſenſe of guilt? Why conſcience up in arms?'
Conſcience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And boſom-counſel to decline the blow.
Reaſon with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on—theſe, and a thouſand pleas uncall'd,
All promiſe, ſome enſure, a ſecond ſcene;
Which were it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things elſe moſt certain; were it falſe,
What truth on earth ſo precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will enſue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope:
The future of the preſent is the ſoul:
How this life groans, when ſever'd from the next?
Poor, mutilated wretch, that diſbelieves!
By dark diſtruſt, his being cut in two,
In both parts periſhes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!
Couldſt thou perſuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wiſhes; how ſhould I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguiſh, new, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my deſpair

Abhorr'd ANNIHILATION! blaſts the ſoul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's ſyſtem true,
In this black channel would my ravings run.
'Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere-whil
'The future vaniſh'd! and the preſent pain'd!
'Strange import of unprecedented ill!
'Fall, how profound! like LUCIFER's, the fall!
'Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
'From where fond hope built her pavilion high,
'The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
'To night! to nothing! darker ſtill than night.
'If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worſt foe,
'Lorenzo! boaſtful of the name of friend!
'O for deluſion! O for error ſtill!
'Could vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger than to pla
'A thinking being in a world like this,
'Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite;
'More curſt than at the fall?—The ſun goes out!
'The thorns ſhoot up! what thorns, in ev'ry thought
'Why ſenſe of better? it imbitters worſe.
'Why ſenſe? why life? if but to ſigh, then ſink
'To what I was! Twice nothing! and much woe!
'Woe, from heav'n's bounties! Woe from what w
'To flatter moſt, high intellectual powers. [wo
'Thought, virtue, knowledge! bleſſings, by th
ſcheme,
'All poiſon'd into pains. Firſt, knowledge, once
'My ſoul's ambition, now her greateſt dread.
'To know myſelf, true wiſdom?—No, to ſhun
'That ſhocking ſcience, parent of deſpair!
'Avert thy mirror: if I ſee, I die.
'Know my Creator? climb his bleſt abode
'*By painful* ſpeculation, pierce the vale,

'Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
'And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
'Obtruding life, with holding happineſs!
'From the full rivers that furround his throne,
'Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
'Man gaſping for one drop, that he might ceaſe
'To curſe his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
'Ye ſable clouds! ye darkeſt ſhades of night!
'Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
'Once all my comfort; ſource, and ſoul of joy!
'Now leagu'd with furies, and with* thee, againſt me.
'Know his achievements? ſtudy his renown?
'Contemplate this amazing univerſe,
'Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
'For what? 'mid miracles of nobler name,
'To find one miracle of miſery?
'To find the being, which alone can know
'And praiſe his works, a blemiſh on his praiſe?
'Thro' nature's ample range, in thought, to ſtroll,
'And ſtart at man, the ſingle mourner there,
'Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death!
'Knowing is ſuff'ring; and ſhall virtue ſhare
'The ſigh of knowledge?—virtue ſhares the ſigh.
'By ſtraining up the ſteep of excellent,
'By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
'What gains ſhe, but the pang of ſeeing worth,
'Angelic worth, ſoon ſhuffled in the dark
'With ev'ry vice, and ſwept to brutal duſt?
'Merit is madneſs; virtue is a crime;
'A crime to reaſon, if it coſts us pain
'Unpaid: what pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
'To think the moſt abandon'd, after days
'Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death

* Lorenzo.

'As ſoft a pillow, nor make fouler clay!
'Duty! religion!—theſe, our duty done,
'Imply reward. Religion is miſtake.
'Duty!—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
'Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
'Who feign yourſelves the fav'rites of the ſkies:
'Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
'That toſs, and ſtruggle, in my lying breaſt,
'To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions there,
'As I were heir of an eternity.
'Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
'Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
'As bounded as my being, be my wiſh.
'All is inverted, wiſdom is a fool.
'Senſe! take the rein; blind paſſion! drive us on;
'And, ignorance! befriend us on our way;
'Ye new, but trueſt patrons of our peace!
'Yes; give the pulſe full empire; live the brute,
'Since, as the brute, we die. The ſum of man,
'Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.
'But not on equal terms with other brutes:
'Their revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
'And ſafer too; they never poiſons chuſe.
'Inſtinct, than reaſon, makes more wholeſome meals,
'And ſends all marring murmur far away.
'For ſenſual life they beſt philoſophize;
'Theirs, that ſerene, the ſages fought in vain:
''Tis man alone expoſtulates with heav'n;
'His, all the pow'r, and all the cauſe, to mourn.
'Shall human eyes alone diſſolve in tears?
'And bleed, in anguiſh, none but human hearts?
'The wide ſtretcht realm of intellectual woe,
'Surpaſſing ſenſual far, is all our own.
'*In life* ſo fatally diſtinguiſh'd, why
'*Caſt in* one lot, confounded, lumpt, in death?

'Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
'Why thunder'd this peculiar clauſe againſt us,
'All-mortal, and all-wretched!—have the ſkies
'Reaſons of ſtate, their ſubjects may not ſcan,
'Nor humbly reaſon, when they ſorely ſigh?
'All-mortal, and all-wretched!—'tis too much;
'Unparrallel'd in nature: 'tis too much
'On being unrequeſted at thy hands,
'Omnipotent! for I ſee nought but power.
'And why ſee that? why thought? to toil, and eat,
'Then make our bed in darkneſs, needs no thought.
'What ſuperfluities are reas'ning ſouls!
'Oh give eternity! or thought deſtroy.
'But without thought our curſe were half unfelt;
'Its blunted edge would ſpare the throbbing heart;
'And, therefore, 'tis beſtow'd. I thank thee, reaſon!
'For aiding life's too ſmall calamities,
'And giving being to the dread of death.
'Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
'For me, to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
'Too much for heav'n to make one emmet more?
'Too much for chaos to permit my maſs
'A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
'Unfaſhioned, untormented into man?
'Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
'Wretched capacity of phrenzy, thought!
'Wretched capacity of dying, life!
'Life, thought, worth, wiſdom, all (O foul revolt!)
'Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
'Death, then, has chang'd its nature too! O death!
'Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of heav'n!
'Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
'Why in this thorny wilderneſs ſo long,
'*Since there's no promis'd land's ambroſial bower,*

'To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
'If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of heaven
'To ſting us ſore, why mockt our miſery?
'Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
'Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
'Why ſo magnificently lodg'd deſpair?
'At ſtated periods, ſure-returning, roll
'Theſe glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
'Their length of labours, and of pains; nor loſe
'Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with flowers,
'And fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming earth,
'That man may languiſh in luxurious ſcenes,
'And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
'Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
'For ſuch delights! Bleſt animals! too wiſe
'To wonder; and too happy to complain!
'Our doom decreed demands a mournful ſcene:
'Why not a dungeon dark, for the condemn'd?
'Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den;
'For man to howl in? why not his abode
'Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
'A Thebes, a Babylon, at vaſt expence
'Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders,
'As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
'Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high de-
'If, from her humble chamber in the duſt, [ſire;
'While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire inflames,
'The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;
'And, round us, Death's inexorable hand
'Draws the dark curtain cloſe; undrawn no more.
'Undrawn no more!—behind the cloud of death,
'Once, I beheld a ſun; a ſun which gilt
'That ſable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
'*How the* grave's alter'd! fathomleſs as hell!
'*A real hell* to thoſe who dreampt of heaven.

'Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
'Next moment I may drop from thought, from ſenſe,
'The privilege of angels, and of worms,
'An outcaſt from exiſtence! and this ſpirit,
'This all-pervading, this all-conſcious ſoul,
'This particle of energy divine,
'Which travels nature, flies from ſtar to ſtar,
'And viſits gods, and emulates their powers,
'For ever is extinguiſh'd. Horror! death!
'Death of that death I fearleſs once ſurvey'd!—
'When horror univerſal ſhall deſcend,
'And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
'On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
'How juſt this verſe! this monumental ſigh!
'Beneath the lumber of demoliſh'd worlds
'Deep in the rubbiſh of the gen'ral wreck,
'Swept ignominious to the common maſs
'Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
'Here lie proud rationals; the ſons of heav'n!
'The lords of earth! the property of worms!
'Beings of yeſterday, and not to-morrow!
'Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
'All gone to rot in chaos; or, to make
'Their happy tranſit into blocks or brutes,
'Nor longer ſully their Creator's name.'
Lorenzo! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
Juſt is this hiſtory? If ſuch is man,
Mankind's hiſtorian; though divine, might weep.
And dares Lorenzo ſmile!—I know thee proud;
For once let pride befriend thee; pride looks pale
At ſuch a ſcene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
Amid thy boaſts, preſumptions, and diſplays,
And art thou then a ſhadow; leſs than ſhade?
A nothing? leſs than nothing? to have been,

And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taſte of pleaſure high?
Why patroniſe ſure death of ev'ry joy?
Charm riches? why chuſe begg'ry in the grave,
Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleaſure, avarice, perſuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They* lately prov'd thy ſouls ſupreme deſire.
What art thou made of? rather, how unmade?
Great Nature's maſter-appetite deſtroy'd?
Is endleſs life, and happineſs, deſpis'd?
Or both wiſh'd, here, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverſe, eternal war with Heav'n!
Dar'ſt thou perſiſt? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of tranſitory forms,
Riſing, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtic deity, blown up
In ſport, and then in cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the whole of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to thee:
Oh! ſpare this waſte of being half-divine;
And vindicate th' œconomy of Heav'n.
Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to bliſs:
And ſhall it, then, ſtrike off the liſt of life,
A being bleſt, or worthy ſo to be?
Heav'n ſtarts at an annihilating God.
Is that, all nature ſtarts at, thy deſire?
Art ſuch a clod to wiſh thyſelf all clay?
What is that dreadful wiſh?—The dying groan
Of Nature, murder'd by the blackeſt guilt.

* In the Sixth Night.

What deadly poiſon has thy nature drank?
To nature undebauch'd no ſhock ſo great;
Nature's firſt wiſh is endleſs happineſs:
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies enclos'd!
For non-exiſtence no man ever wiſh'd,
But, firſt, he wiſh'd the Deity deſtroy'd.
If ſo; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? the darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of deſperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal poſture of the ſoul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At ſuch a birth, a birth ſo near of kin,
Did thy foul fancy whelp ſo black a ſcheme
Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,
And deities begun, reduc'd to duſt?
There's nought (thou ſay'ſt) but one eternal flux
Of feeble eſſences, tumultuous driven
Through time's rough billows into night's abyſs.
Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,
Is there no rock, on which man's toſſing thought
Can reſt from terror, dare his fate ſurvey,
And boldly think it ſomething to be born?
Amid ſuch hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all ſuſtaining baſe,
All-realizing, all-connecting pow'r,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
And force deſtruction to refund her ſpoil?
Command the grave reſtore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harveſt yield,
And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of man,
True to the grand depoſit truſted there?
Is there no potentate, whoſe out-ſtretch'd arm,

When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluckt from foul devaſtation's famiſh'd maw,
Binds preſent, paſt, and future to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating beings cluſt'ring round!
A garland worthy the Divinity!
A throne, by Heav'n's Omnipotence in ſmiles,
Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)
Amidſt immenſe effuſions of his love!
An ocean of communicated bliſs!
An all-prolific, all-preſerving God!
This were a God indeed.—And ſuch is man,
As here preſum'd: he riſes from his fall.
Think'ſt thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each bloſſom fair of Deity deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing ſleeps; each ſoul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes: is on the wing: and where, O where
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When the trumpet's call,
As ſounding braſs, collects us, round Heav'n's thro
Conglob'd, we baſk in everlaſting day,
(Paternal ſplendor!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the ſoul this outlet to the ſkies,
In this vaſt veſſel of the univerſe,
How ſhould we graſp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famiſh'd hope expire!
How bright my proſpect ſhines! how gloomy thin
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the ſhambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs maſſacres
Of countleſs millions, born to feel the pang
Of being loſt. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us ſhudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to ſuch a phantom world,
Where nought ſubſtantial, but our miſery?

Where joy (if joy) but heightens our diſtreſs,
So ſoon to periſh, and revive no more?
The greater ſuch a joy, the more it pains.
A world, ſo far from great (and yet how great
It ſhines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;
Being, a ſhadow! conſciouſneſs, a dream!
A dream, how dreadful! univerſal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a ſpark
From non-exiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment ſure,
'Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding night,
His ſad, ſure, ſudden, and eternal tomb!

Lorenzo! doſt thou feel theſe arguments?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?
How haſt thou dar'd the Deity dethrone?
How dar'd indict him of a world like this?
If ſuch the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime, but cauſe of miſery?
Retract, blaſphemer! and unriddle this,
Of endleſs arguments above, below.
Without us, and within, the ſhort reſult—
'If man's immortal, there's a God in heav'n.'

But wherefore ſuch redundancy? ſuch waſte
Of argument? One ſets my ſoul at reſt;
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at heart.
So juſt the ſkies, Philander's life ſo pain'd,
His heart ſo pure; that, or ſucceeding ſcenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.

'What an old tale is this!' Lorenzo cries—
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadſt deſpis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy ſoul; and fable
As fleeting as thy joys; be wiſe, nor make

Heav'n's higheſt bleſſing, vengeance: O be wi
Nor make a curſe of immortality.
Say, know'ſt thou what it is? or what thou
Know'ſt thou the importance of a ſoul immort
Behold this midnight glory; worlds on world
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thouſand add; add twice ten thouſand m
Then weigh the whole; one ſoul outweighs the
And calls th' aſtoniſhing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.
For this, believe not me; no man believe;
Truſt not in words, but deeds; and deeds no
Than thoſe of the Supreme; nor his, a few;
Conſult them all; conſulted, all proclaim
Thy ſoul's importance: tremble at thyſelf;
For whom Omnipotence has wak'd ſo long:
Has wak'd, and work'd for ages; from the bi
Of nature to this unbelieving hour.
In this ſmall province of his vaſt domain
(All nature bow, while I pronounce his name
What has God done, and not for this ſole end
To reſcue ſouls from death? the ſoul's high p
Is writ in all the conduct of the ſkies.
The ſoul's high price is the creation's key,
Unlocks its myſteries, and naked lays
The genuine cauſe of ev'ry deed divine:
That, is the chain of ages, which maintains
Their obvious correſpondence, and unites.
Moſt diſtant periods in one bleſt deſign:
That, is the mighty hinge, on which have turn
All revolutions, whether we regard
The natural, civil, or religious, world;
The former two, but ſervants to the third:
To that, their duty done, they both expire,

Their mafs new-caft, forgot their deeds renown'd;
And angels afk, 'Where once they fhone fo fair?'
To lift us from this abject, to fublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to ferene;
This mean, to mighty!—for this glorious end
The Almighty, rifing, his long fabbath broke;
The world was made, was ruin'd; was reftor'd;
Laws from the fkies were publifh'd; were repeal'd;
On earth kings, kingdoms, rofe; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd fages lighted up the Pagan world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Thro' diftant age; faints travell'd; martyr's bled;
By wonders facred nature ftood controul'd;
The living were tranflated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and more than angels, came from heav'n;
And, oh! for this, defcended lower ftill;
Gilt was hell's gloom; aftonifh'd at his gueft,
For one fhort moment Lucifer ador'd:
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do lefs?—for this,
That hallow'd page, fools fcoff at, was infpir'd,
Of all thefe truths thrice venerable code!
Deifts! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall proftrate, ere you touch it, left you die.
Nor lefs intenfely bent infernal powers
To mar, than thofe of light, this end to gain.
O what a fcene is here!—Lorenzo! wake;
Rife to the thought; exert, expand, thy foul
To take the vaft idea: it denies
All elfe the name of great. Two warring worlds,
Not Europe againft Afric; warring worlds,
Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,
High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of ftrife!
This fublunary ball—but ftrife, for what?

In their own cauſe conflicting? No; in thine,
In man's. His ſingle int'reſt blows the flame;
His the ſole ſtake; his fate the trumpet ſounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous ſwarms of deities in arms!
Force force oppoſing, till the waves run high,
And tempeſt nature's univerſal ſphere.
Such oppoſites eternal, ſtedfaſt, ſtern.
Such foes implacable, are good, and ill; [t
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace bet

Think not this fiction. 'There was war in hea
From heav'n's high cryſtal mountain, where it h
Th' Almighty's out-ſtretcht arm took down his
And ſhot his indignation at the deep:
Rethunder'd hell, and darted all her fires.—
And ſeems the ſtake of little moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers man, who ſingly caus'd the ſtorm
He ſleeps.—And art thou ſhockt at myſteries?
The greateſt thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardor, care, and counſel, mortals cauſe
In breaſts divine! how little in their own!

Where-e'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon
How happily this wond'rous view ſupports
My former argument! how ſtrongly ſtrikes
Immortal life's full demonſtration, here!
Why this exertion? why this ſtrange regard
From Heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Becauſe, in man, the glorious, dreadful pow'r,
Extremely to be pain'd, or bleſt, for ever.
Duration gives importance; ſwells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight;
Or ſtand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Becauſe immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This ſtrange regard of deities to duſt.

Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes:
Hence, the ſoul's mighty moment in her ſight:
Hence, ev'ry ſoul has partiſans above,
And ev'ry thought a critic in the ſkies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And ev'ry guard a paſſion for his charge:
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counſel o'er the fate of man.
Nor have the clouds thoſe gracious counſels hid.
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphaſis and awe,
He ſpoke his will, and trembling nature heard;
He ſpoke it loud, in thunder, and in ſtorm.
Witneſs, thou Sinai! whoſe cloud cover'd height,
And ſhaken baſis, own'd the preſent God:
Witneſs, ye billows! whoſe returning tide,
Breaking the chain that faſten'd it in air,
Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:
Witneſs, ye flames! th' Aſſyrian tyrant blew
To ſev'nfold rage, as impotent, as ſtrong:
And thou, earth! witneſs, whoſe expanding jaws
Clos'd o'er* preſumption's ſacrilegious ſons:
Has not each element, in turn, ſubſcrib'd
The ſoul's high price, and ſworn it to be wiſe?
Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, ſtrove
To ſtrike this truth, through adamantine man?
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is deluſion; nature is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from reaſon's keeneſt eye;
There's no conſiſtence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the ſun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate) or heav'n

* Korah, &c.

Is an immenſe, ineſtimable prize;
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
And ſhall each toy be ſtill a match for heav'n?
And full equivalent for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to prevent
What he would give a thouſand worlds to cure
Lorenzo! thou haſt ſeen (if thine, to ſee)
All nature, and her God (by nature's courſe,
And nature's courſe controul'd) declare for me
The ſkies above proclaim 'Immortal man!'
And, 'Man immortal!' all below reſounds.
The world's a ſyſtem of theology,
Read, by the greateſt ſtrangers to the ſchools;
If honeſt, learn'd; and ſages o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or, to renounce
Thy reaſon, and thy ſenſe; or to believe?
What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit;
A ſtrenuous enterprize: to gain it, man
Muſt burſt through ev'ry bar of common ſenſe,
Of common ſhame, magnanimouſly wrong;
And what rewards the ſturdy combatant?
His prize, repentance; infamy his crown.
But wherefore, infamy?—For want of faith,
Down the ſteep precipice of wrong he ſlides;
There's nothing to ſupport him in the right.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at leaſt
In embryo, ev'ry weakneſs, ev'ry guilt;
And ſtrong temptation ripens into birth.
If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country ſold, his father ſlain?
'Tis virtue to purſue our good ſupreme;
And his ſupreme, his only good is here.
Ambition, av'rice, by the wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect wiſdom, while mankind are fools,

nd think a turf, or tombſtone, covers all:
heſe find employment, and provide for ſenſe
richer paſture, and a larger range;
nd ſenſe by right divine aſcends the throne,
hen virtue's prize and proſpect are no more;
irtue no more we think the will of heaven.
ould heav'n quite beggar virtue, if belov'd?
'Has Virtue charms?' I grant her heav'nly fair;
ut if unportion'd, all will int'reſt wed;
ho' that our admiration, this our choice.
he virtues grow on immortality;
hat root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire.
Deity believ'd, will nought avail;
ewards and puniſhments make God ador'd;
nd hopes and fears give conſcience all her power.
s in the dying parent dies the child,
irtue, with immortality expires.
ho tells me he denies his ſoul immortal,
hate'er his boaſt, has told me, he's a knave.
is duty 'tis, to love himſelf alone;
or care tho' mankind periſh, if he ſmiles.
ho thinks ere long the man ſhall wholly die,
; dead already; nought but brute ſurvives.
And are there ſuch?—Such candidates there are
or more than death; for utter loſs of being,
eing, the baſis of the Deity!
ſk you the cauſe?—the cauſe they will not tell;
or need they: oh the ſorceries of ſenſe!
hey work this transformation on the ſoul,
iſmount her like the ſerpent at the fall,
iſmount her from her native wing (which ſoar'd
re-while ethereal heights) and throw her down,
o lick the duſt, and crawl, in ſuch a thought.
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
ll'n from the wings of reaſon, and of hope!

Erect in ſtature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleaſure, poſting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averſe to ſenſe!
Boaſters of liberty, faſt-bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the ſhame!
More ſenſeleſs than th' irrationals you ſcorn!
More baſe than thoſe you rule! than thoſe you
Far more undone! O ye moſt infamous
Of beings, from ſuperior dignity!
Deepeſt in woe from means of boundleſs bliſs!
Ye curſt by bleſſings infinite! Becauſe
Moſt highly favour'd, moſt profoundly loſt!
Ye motly maſs of contradiction ſtrong!
And are you, too, convinc'd your ſouls fly off
In exhalation ſoft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence againſt you?
In the coarſe drudgeries, and ſinks of ſenſe,
Your ſouls have quite worn out the make of he
By vice new-caſt, and creatures of your own:
But tho' you can deform, you can't deſtroy;
To curſe, not uncreate, is all your pow'r.
Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
Ere rapt by miracle, by reaſon wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heaven
This is freethinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To ſend the ſoul, on curious travel bent,
Thro' all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight, thro' the whole ſphere of m
Of this vaſt univerſe to make the tour;
In each receſs of ſpace and time, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundleſs int'reſts there,
Still moſt ambitious of the moſt remote;
To look on truth unbroken, and entire;

Truth in the ſyſtem, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and ſuſtain'd, afford
An arch-like, ſtrong foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More firm; who moſt examine moſt believe.
Parts, like half-ſentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the ſenſe, and GOD is underſtood;
Who not in fragments writes to human race:
Read his whole volume, ſceptic! then reply.
This, this, is thinking free, a thought that graſps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eye, ſurvey this midnight ſcene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundleſs orbs.
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd range?
And what yon boundleſs orbs, to godlike man?
Thoſe num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
And aſk more ſpace in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs; for new creations, there.
Can ſuch a ſoul contract itſelf, to gripe
A point of no dimenſion, of no weight?
It can; it does: the world is ſuch a point:
And, of that point, how ſmall a part enſlaves!
How ſmall a part—of nothing, ſhall I ſay?
Why not? friends, our chief treaſure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narciſſa fair, Philander, gone!
The grave, like fabl'd Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,
Loud calls my ſoul, and utters all I ſing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What ſays this tranſportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched ſpot, they leave ſo poor.

ıſt ocean lies before thee;
, Lorenzo! thy Clariſſa ſails.
nd ſea-room; keep it wide of earth,
f ſouls immortal; cut thy cord;
or; ſpread thy ſails; call ev'ry wind;
at pole-ſtar; make the land of life.
s of life has double-natur'd man,
death; the laſt far more ſevere.
is nurtur'd by the ſun;
iis bounties, triumphs in his beams.
ſubſiſts on higher food,
in his beams, who made the day,
ıve that ſun, and are left by this,
all who die in ſtubborn guilt)
rkneſs; ſtrictly double death.
no judicial ſtroke of heaven,
courſe; as ſure as plumbets fall.
or man, muſt alter, ere they meet,
and darkneſs blend not in one ſphere,)
, Lorenzo! who muſt change.
hat double death ſhould prove thy lot,
ne bowels of the DEITY;
bleſt, as far as man permits.
ne, all rationals, heav'n arms
ſtrious, but tremendous, power
ſt its own moſt gracious ends;
ſtrict neceſſity, not choice;
leny'd, men, angels, were no more,
ngines, void of praiſe, or blame.
ional implies the power
ſt, or wretched, as we pleaſe;
ſon would have nought to do;
would be barr'd capacity
ts incapacity of bliſs.
our happineſs, allows our doom;

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vites us ardently, but not compels;
eav'n but perſuades, almighty man decrees;
an is the maker of immortal fates.
an falls by man, if finally he falls;
nd fall he muſt, who learns from death alone,
he dreadful ſecret,—that he lives for ever.
Why this to thee? thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
f ſecond life? but wherefore doubtful ſtill?
ernal life is nature's ardent wiſh:
hat ardently we wiſh, we ſoon believe:
hy tardy faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
hat has deſtroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee, what?
hen fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wiſht;
nd, when unwiſht, we ſtrive to diſbelieve.
Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.'
or that the ſole detection! bluſh, Lorenzo!
luſh for hypocriſy, if not for guilt.
he future fear'd?—an infidel, and fear?
ear what? a dream? a fable?—How thy dread,
nwilling evidence, and therefore ſtrong,
ffords my cauſe an undeſign'd ſupport?
ow diſbelief affirms, what it denies?
lt, unawares, aſſerts immortal life.'—
arpriſing! infidelity turns out
. creed, and a confeſſion of our ſins:
poſtates, thus, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo claſh no more;
or longer a tranſparent vizor wear.
hink'ſt thou, religion only has her maſk?
ur infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
retend the worſt, and, at the bottom, fail.
Then viſited by thought (thought will intrude)
ike him they ſerve, they tremble, and believe.
s there *hypocriſy* ſo foul as this?

So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What deteſtation, what contempt, their due
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their eſcape
That Chriſtian candour they ſtrive hard to
If not for that aſylum, they might find
A hell on earth; nor 'ſcape a worſe below.
With inſolence, and impotence of though
Inſtead of racking fancy, to refute,
Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—
But ſhall I dare confeſs the dire reſult?
Can thy proud reaſon brook ſo black a bran
From purer manners, to ſublimer faith,
Is nature's unavoidable aſcent;
An honeſt deiſt, where the goſpel ſhines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the Chriſtian ends.
When that bleſt change arrives, e'en caſt a
This ſong ſuperfluous; life immortal ſtrikes
Conviction, in a flood of light divine.
A Chriſtian dwells, like * URIEL, in the ſun
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight,
And ardent hope anticipates the ſkies.
Of that bright ſun, LORENZO! ſcale the ſph
'Tis eaſy; it invites thee; it deſcends
From heav'n to woo, and waft thee whence
Read and revere the ſacred page; a page
Where triumphs immortality; a page
Which not the whole creation could produc
Which not the conflagration ſhall deſtroy;
In nature's ruins not one letter loſt:
'Tis printed in the mind of gods forever.
In proud diſdain of what e'en gods adore
Doſt ſmile? poor wretch! thy guardian ang
Angels, and men, aſſent to what I ſing;

* Milton.

its ſmile, and thank me for my midnight dream.
ow vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain!
rts puſh us on to pride, and pride to ſhame;
rt infidelity is wits cockade,
› grace the brazen brow that braves the ſkies,
r loſs of being, dreadfully ſecure.
RENZO! if thy doctrine wins the day,
ad drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
this is all, if earth a final ſcene,
ike heed; ſtand faſt; be ſure to be a knave;
knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right:
ouldſt thou be good—how infinite thy loſs!
rilt only makes annihilation gain.
eſt ſcheme! which life deprives of comfort, death
hope; and which VICE only, recommends.
ſo; where, infidels! your bait thrown out
› catch weak converts? where your lofty boaſt
zeal for virtue, and of love to man?
NNIHILATION! I confeſs, in theſe.
What can reclaim you? Dare I hope profound
ıiloſophers the converts of a ſong?
et know, its* title flatters you, not me;
ours be the praiſe to make my title good;
ine, to bleſs heav'n, and triumph in your praiſe.
at ſince ſo peſtilential your diſeaſe,
ho' ſov'reign is the med'cine I preſcribe,
s yet, I'll neither triumph, nor deſpair:
ut hope, ere long, my midnight dream will wake
our hearts, and teach your wiſdom—to be wiſe:
or why ſhould ſouls immortal, made for bliſs,
'er wiſh (and wiſh in vain!) that ſouls could die?
That ne'er can die, oh! grant to live; and crown

* The Infidel reclaimed.

The wiſh, and aim, and labour of the ſkies;
Increaſe, and enter on the joys of heaven:
Thus ſhall my title paſs a ſacred ſeal,
Receive an *imprimatur* from above,
While angels ſhout—'An infidel reclaim'd!'

To cloſe, LORENZO! ſpite of all my pains,
Still ſeems it ſtrange, that thou ſhouldſt live for ever;
Is it leſs ſtrange, that thou ſhouldſt live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou art: then, doubt if thou ſhalt be.
A miracle with miracles inclos'd,
Is man: and ſtarts his faith at what is ſtrange?
What leſs than wonders, from the wonderful;
What leſs than miracles, from GOD, can flow?
Admit a GOD—that myſtery ſupreme!
That cauſe uncaus'd! all other wonders ceaſe;
Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
Deny him—all is myſtery beſides;
Millions of myſteries! each darker far,
Than that thy wiſdom would, unwiſely, ſhun.
If weak thy faith, why chuſe the harder ſide?
We nothing know, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
So weak our reaſon, and ſo great our GOD,
What moſt ſurpriſes in the ſacred page,
Or full as ſtrange, or ſtranger, muſt be true.
Faith is not reaſon's labour, but repoſe.

To faith, and virtue, why ſo backward man?
From hence:—the preſent ſtrongly ſtrikes us all
The future, faintly: can we, then, be men?
If men, LORENZO! the reverſe is right.
Reaſon is man's peculiar: ſenſe, the brute's.
The preſent is the ſcanty realm of ſenſe;
The future, reaſon's empire unconfin'd:

)n that expending all her godlike pow'r,
he plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there;
'here, builds her bleſſings! there, expects her praiſe;
ınd nothing aſks of fortune, or of men.
ınd what is reaſon? Be ſhe, thus, defin'd;
.eaſon is upright ſtature in the ſoul.
)h! be a man;—and ſtrive to be a god.
'For what! (thou ſay'ſt:) to damp the joys of life?'
lo; to give heart and ſubſtance to thy joys.
'hat tyrant, hope; mark, how ſhe domineers;
he bids us quit realities, for dreams;
afety, and peace, for hazard, and alarm;
'hat tyrant o'er the tyrants of the ſoul,
he bids ambition quit its taken prize,
purn the luxuriant branch on which it ſits,
'ho' bearing crowns, to ſpring at diſtant game;
ınd plunge in toils and dangers—for repoſe.
f hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
)f little moment, and as little ſtay,
an ſweeten toils and dangers into joys;
Vhat then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,
ur leave unaſk'd? rich hope of boundleſs bliſs!
liſs, paſt man's pow'r to paint it; time's, to cloſe!
This hope is earth's moſt eſtimable prize:
'his is man's portion, while no more than man:
Lope, of all paſſions, moſt befriends us here.
affions of prouder name befriend us leſs.
>y has her tears; and tranſport has her death;
Lope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' ſtrong,
Lan's heart, at once, inſpirits, and ſerenes;
'or makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys;
Lis all, our preſent ſtate can ſafely bear,
Lealth to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
joy *attemper'd!* a chaſtis'd delight

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

AND has all nature, then, eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead againſt
And is thy ſoul immortal? What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo; make immortal, bleſt.
Unbleſt immortals! what can ſhock us more?
And yet Lorenzo ſtill affects the world;
There, ſtows his treaſure; thence, his title dra
'Man of the world!' (for ſuch wouldſt thou be c
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days; and Chriſtian,—in an age,
When men were men, and not aſham'd of heav
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font,
Fain would I rebaptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my ſong;
To thee, the world how fair! how ſtrongly ſtri
Ambition! and gay pleaſure ſtronger ſtill!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt, that lays

Thy virtue dead! be theſe my triple theme;
Nor ſhall thy wit, or wiſdom, be forgot.
Common the theme; not ſo the ſong; if ſhe
My ſong invokes, Urania, deigns to ſmile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the man of earth, at once,
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for other ſcenes;
Scenes, where theſe ſparks of night, theſe ſtars, ſhall
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things as they are, [ſhine
The bleſt behold;) and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's aſtoniſht ſight;
A blaze;—the leaſt illuſtrious object there.
Lorenzo! ſince eternal is at hand,
To ſwallow times ambitions; as the vaſt
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high deſcent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our higheſt? O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, theſe elements above,
What tow'ring hopes, what ſallies from the ſun,
What grand ſurveys of deſtiny divine,
And pompous preſage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in boſoms, where a ſpirit burns,
Bound for eternity! in boſoms read
By him, who foibles in archangels ſees!
On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heav'n's regiſter inrolls,
The riſe, and progreſs, of each option there;
Sacred to doomſday! that the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and this, unrivall'd by the ſkies!
A world, where luſt of pleaſure, grandeur, gold,
Three *demons that divide its reigns between them*
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro

Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle, ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world Lorenzo ſets above
That glorious promiſe angels were eſteem'd
Too mean to bring: a promiſe, their ador'd
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wiſdom woos,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt;
What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!

How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantaſtic chace, of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
The gay, the buſy, equal, tho' unlike;
Equal in wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary waſtes,
One buſtling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays ſome ſecret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The ſcenes of bus'neſs tell us—'what are men;'
The ſcenes of pleaſure—'what is all beſide:'
There, others we deſpiſe, and here ourſelves,
Amid diſguſt eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis approbation ſtrikes the ſtring of joy.

What wond'rous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the duſt,
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in queſt of eyes;
The ſenſual, in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The grave, of gold; the politic, of power;

And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in?
On the swift circle of returning toys, [gulph'd,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then in-
Where gay delusion darkens to despair!
'This is a beaten track.'—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire.
Shall truth be silent, because folly frowns?
Turn the world's history; what find we there,
But fortune's sports, or nature's cruel claims,
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!
Man is the tale of narrative old Time;
Sad tale; which high as Paradise begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The days, his daughters, as they spin our hours
On fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now and then, a wretched farce between;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.
Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind:
While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwise,
Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,
At *still-confiding*, still-confounded, man,
Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,

Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever looking for the never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons lies;
Nor owns itſelf a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, now, involves the pole.
O THOU, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and wouldſt that man ſhould mourn!
O THOU, whoſe hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and wouldſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? A vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf, a vapour,
From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and diſappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, tho' leſs tranſient, than her ſons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, ſolid; THOU, a dream.
They doat, on what? immortal views apart,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of flow'ry promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joys! perplex'd with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, ſpread
With bold adventures, their all on board;
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it muſt. Of various rates they ſail,
Of enſigns various; all alike in this,
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with hopes, and fears;
In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious all to ſtorm;
And ſtormy the moſt general blaſt of life:
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;
Or virtue's helm, to ſhape the ſteady courſe.

All, more or leſs, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes, than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion driven.
And ſuff'ring more from folly, than from fate.
Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers.
With all his choſen terrors frowning round,
(Tho' lately feaſted high at* Albion's coſt)
Wide-op'ning, and loud roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
By moral truth, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with ſanguine cheer, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;
All, in ſome darling enterprize embarkt.
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!
Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind and tide, ſome win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Tho' ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate;
They ſtrike; and, while they triumph, they expire.

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

In ſtreſs of weather, moſt; ſome ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a ſhort memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a moment, and is ſeen no more:
One Cæſar lives; a thouſand are forgot.
How few beneath auſpicious planets born,
(Darlings of providence! fond fate's elect!)
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wiſhes freighted! yet ev'n theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?
As fatal time, as ſtorm! the ruſh of years,
Beats down their ſtrength; their numberleſs eſcapes
In ruin end: and now, their proud ſucceſs
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow;
What pain to quit the world, juſt made their own,
Their neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the ſtars.
Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man,) and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and auguſt!
What are they?—the moſt happy (ſtrange to ſay!)
Convince me moſt of human miſery:
What are they?—Smiling wretches of to-morrow!
More wretched, then, than e'er their ſlave can be;
Their treach'rous bleſſings, at the day of need,
Like other faithleſs friends, unmaſk, and ſting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, then, what inſult of their pain!
If that ſole anchor, equal to the waves,

Immortal hope! defies not the rude ſtorm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
This is a ſketch of what thy ſoul admires?
"But here (thou ſay'ſt,) the miſeries of life
"Are huddled in a group. A more diſtinct
"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's ſtages: they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou ſigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The beſt that can befal the beſt on earth;
The boy has virtue by his mother's ſide:
Yes, on Florello look: a father's heart
Is tender, tho' the man's is made of ſtone;
The truth, thro' ſuch a medium ſeen, may make
Impreſſion deep, and fondneſs prove thy friend.
Florello lately caſt on this rude coaſt
A helpleſs infant; now a heedleſs child;
To poor Clariſſa's throes, thy care ſucceeds;
Care full of love, and yet ſevere as hate!
O'er thy ſoul's joy how oft thy fondneſs frowns!
Needful auſterities his will reſtrain;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm:
As yet, his reaſon cannot go alone;
But aſks a ſterner nurſe to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly due-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmleſs eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? the taſk
Injoin'd muſt diſcipline his early pow'rs;
He learns to ſigh, ere he is known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wretch before the fall!
How *cruel this!* more cruel to forbear.

Our nature ſuch, with neceſſary pains,
We purchaſe proſpects of precarious peace:
Tho' not a father, this might ſteal a ſigh.
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor account to poorer ſtill;)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps incloſure, bounds into the world;
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more ſevere;
Its leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inſpir'd.
For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modeſt ſtranger to their ſphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at diſtance, in his ſight)
And, in their hoſpitable arms, incloſe:
Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to reaſon's golden rule,
All weakneſs of affection quite ſubdu'd:
Men, that would bluſh at being thought ſincere,
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to them, vice ſhone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canſt thou bear a ſhocking ſight?
Such, for Florello's ſake, 'twill now appear:
See, the ſteel'd files of ſeaſon'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burniſh'd falſehood brigh
Deep in the fatal ſtratagems of peace;
All ſoft ſenſation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpoſe, in politeneſs ſheath'd;
His friends eternal—during intereſt;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;

At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own;
As wise as Lucifer; and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through these (so common fate ordains)
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all, most amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd;
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.
These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, Experience,
And her assistant, pausing, pale, Distrust,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Thro' serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guile,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;
And brands him into credit with the world;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot that genius need not go to school,
Forgot that man, without a tutor wise,

His plan had practis'd long before 'twas writ.
The world's all title-page, there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shews his heart,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive;
And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.
To such proficients thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the necromantics of their art,
Plying the game of faces on each other,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame;
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool?
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
For who can thank the man he cannot see?
Why so much cover? it defeats itself.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, men's hearts
Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—the cause they need not tell.
I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature truth keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.
You say'st, 'tis needful: is it therefore right?

Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall ſign of grace,
To ſtrain at an excuſe: and wouldſt thou then
Eſcape that cruel need? thou may'ſt, with eaſe;
Think no poſt needful that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was ſhifting hands,
So P—— thought: think better, if you can.
But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt is due,
It makes the noble mind more noble ſtill:
The world's no neuter; it will wound or ſave:
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You ſay, the world, well known, will make a man:
The world, well known, will give our hearts to heav'n,
Or make us dæmons long before we die.
To ſhew how fair the world, thy miſtreſs, ſhines,
Take either part, ſure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment enſues.
Not virtue's ſelf is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapſes, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that near fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains.
True friends to virtue, laſt, and leaſt, complain;
But if they ſigh can others hope to ſmile?
If wiſdom has her miſeries to mourn,
How can poor folly lead a happy life?
And if both ſuffer, what has earth to boaſt,
Where he moſt happy, who the leaſt laments?
Where much, much patience, the moſt envy'd ſtate,
And ſome forgiveneſs needs the beſt of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither ſhall he find the ſhadow here.
The world's ſworn advocate, without a fee,
Lorenzo ſmartly, with a ſmile, replies;
'*Thus far thy ſong* right; and all muſt own,

'Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains—
'And joys peculiar who to vice denies?
'If vice it is, with nature to comply:
'If pride, and ſenſe, are ſo predominant,
'To check, not overcome, them, makes a ſaint,
'Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
'Pleaſure, and glory, the chief good of man?'
Can pride, and ſenſuality, rejoice?
From purity of thought, all pleaſure ſprings;
And, from an humble ſpirit, all our peace.
Ambition, pleaſure! let us talk of theſe:
Of theſe, the Porch and Academy, talk'd;
Of theſe, each following age had much to ſay;
Yet unexhauſted, ſtill, the needful theme.
Who talks of theſe, to mankind all at once
He talks, for where the ſaint from either free?
Are theſe thy refuge?—no; theſe ruſh upon thee;
Thy vitals ſieze, and, vulture-like, devour:
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Promerheus! from this barren ball of earth;
If reaſon can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, firſt, thy Caucaſus, ambition calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted through miſtake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee ſtart, as H——— at his Moor.
Doſt graſp at greatneſs? Firſt, know what it is:
Think'ſt thou thy greatneſs in diſtinction lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
By fortune ſtuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch, and his ſlave;—'A deathleſs ſoul,
'*Unbounded* proſpect, and immortal kin,
'*A Father* God, and brothers in the ſkies;'

lder, indeed, in time; but leſs remote
excellence, perhaps, than thought by man,
Thy greater what can fall, than what can riſe!
If ſtill delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
nd with thy full blown brothers of the world,
hrow ſcorn around thee; caſt it on thy ſlaves;
hy ſlaves, and equals: how ſcorn caſt on them
ebounds on thee! if man is mean, as man,
rt thou a god? If fortune makes him ſo,
eware the conſequence: a maxim that,
Which draws a monſtrous picture of mankind,
There, in the drapery, the man is loſt;
xternals fluttering, and the ſoul forgot.
'hy greateſt glory, when diſpos'd to boaſt,
oaſt that aloud, in which thy ſervants ſhare.
We wiſely ſtrip the ſteed we mean to buy:
udge we, in their capariſons, of men?
t nought avails thee, where, but what thou art;
All the diſtinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man. [creep,
When through death's ſtreights, earth's ſubtle ſerpents
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree.
They leave their party colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen creſts, and hiſs at us below.
Of fortune's fucus ſtrip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
Away with all, but moral, in their minds;
And let, what then remains, impoſe their name,
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that ſnuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out! Doſt thou demand a teſt,
A teſt, *at once infallible*, and ſhort,
Of real greatneſs? that man greatly lives,

Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart;
An humble heart, his residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory sits
Th' illustrious master of a name unknown;
Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And peace, beyond the world's conception, smiles!
As thou! (now dark,) before we part, shalt see.
But thy great soul this skulking glory scorns.
Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen;
And, when he shrugs at public business, lyes.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing all?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and despise,
With modest laughter lining loud applause;
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
fame, which (like the mighty Cæsar,) crown'd

With laurels, in full ſenate, greatly falls,
By ſeeming friends, that honour, and deſtroy.
We riſe in glory, as we ſink in pride:
Where boaſting ends, their dignity begins:
And yet, miſtaken beyond all miſtake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud!—of being proud;
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his fall.
An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain;
All vice wants hellebore; but of all vice,
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt bowl;
Becauſe, all other vice unlike, it flies,
In fact, the point, in fancy moſt purſu'd.
Who court applauſe, oblige the world in this;
They gratify man's paſſion to refuſe.
Superior honour, when aſſum'd, is loſt;
Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Khan, in plunder of the proud.
Though ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the world's cauſe, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries—'Be, then, ambition caſt;
'Ambition's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
'Gay pleaſure! proud ambition is her ſlave;
'For her, he ſoars at great, and hazards ill;
'For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
'And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her ſmile;
'Who can reſiſt her charms?'—Or, ſhould? Lorenzo!
What mortal ſhall reſiſt, where angels yield?
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below;
And well it is for man, that pleaſure charms:
How would all ſtagnate, but for pleaſure's ray!
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe!
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?

The love of pleaſure: that, through ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and ſhuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family holds all in chains:
Some moſt affect the black; and ſome, the fair;
Some honeſt pleaſure court; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures obſcene are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can err in human hearts;
Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom! whoredom, all,
But when our reaſon licenſes delight.
Doſt doubt, Lorenzo? thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others gold;
And that hag, vengeance, in a corner charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
Where horrid Epicures debauch in blood.
What'er the motive, pleaſure is the mark:
For her, the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
For her, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no ſingle ſacrifice may fall;
For her, the ſaint abſtains; the miſer ſtarves;
The Stoic proud, for pleaſure, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger we defy;
And, with an aim voluptuous, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power.
And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of pleaſure! dater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but virtue's gayer name:
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low;

Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower;
And honeſt Epicurus' foes were fools.
But this ſounds harſh, and gives the wiſe offence;
If o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the name.
How knits auſterity her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the praiſe
Of pleaſure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my ſoft reply;
Their ſenſes men will truſt: we can't impoſe;
Or, if we could, is impoſition right?
Own honey ſweet: but, owning, add this ſting;
'When mixt with poiſon, it is deadly too.'
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but virtue to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?
What nature loves is good, without our leave.
And where no future drawback cries, 'Beware;'
Pleaſure, though not from virtue, ſhould prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heav'n;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The love of pleaſure is man's eldeſt-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom, her younger ſiſter, though more grave,
Was meant to miniſter, and not to mar,
Imperial pleaſure, queen of human hearts.
Lorenzo! thou, her majeſty's renown'd,
Though uncoiſt counſel, learned in the world!
Who think'ſt thyſelf a Murray, with diſdain
May'ſt look on me. Yet, my Demoſthenes!
Canſt thou plead pleaſure's cauſe as well as I?
Know'ſt thou her nature, purpoſe, parentage?
Attend my ſong, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know thyſelf, and know thyſelf to be
(Strange truth!) the moſt abſtemious man alive.
Tell not Calliſta; ſhe will laugh thee dead.

Or ſend thee to her hermitage with L—.
Abſurd preſumption! thou, who never knew'ſt
A ſerious thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a happy life by chance:
Or yawn'd it into being with a wiſh;
Or, with the ſnout of grov'ling appetite,
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and muſt be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be loſt,
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliſs.
The clouds may drop down titles, and eſtates;
Wealth may ſeek us; but wiſdom muſt be ſought
Sought before all; but (how unlike all elſe
We ſeek on earth!) 'tis never ſought in vain.
Firſt, pleaſure's birth, riſe, ſtrength and grandeur ſe
Brought forth by wiſdom, nurſt by diſcipline,
By patience taught, by perſeverance crown'd,
She rears her head majeſtic; round her throne,
Erected in the boſom of the juſt,
Each virtue, liſted, forms her manly guard.
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need mankind comman
At once to merit, and to make, their bliſs?—
Great legiſlator! ſcarce ſo great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the tranſgreſſion lies the penalty;
And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.
Of pleaſure, next, the final cauſe explore;
Its mighty purpoſe, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, pleaſure came from heav'n.
In aid to reaſon was the goddeſs ſent;
To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.

Pleaſure, firſt, ſuccours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives pleaſure an eternal reign.
What, but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,
Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine?
'Tis from the pleaſure of repaſt, we live;
'Tis from the pleaſure of applauſe, we pleaſe;
'Tis from the pleaſure of belief, we pray;
(All pray'r would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the prize:)
It ſerves ourſelves, our ſpecies, and our God;
And to ſerve more, is paſt the ſphere of man,
Glide, then, for ever, pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And foſter ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden, where it flows;—but ſuch
As muſt be loſt, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
'What mean I by thy fall?' Thou'lt ſhortly ſee,
While pleaſure's nature is at large diſplay'd;
Already ſung her origin, and ends.
Thoſe glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When pleaſure violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it haſtens into pain.
From due refreſhment, life, health, reaſon, joy:
From wild exceſs, pain, grief, diſtraction, death;
Heav'n's juſtice this proclaims, and that her love.
What greater evil can I wiſh my foe,
Than his full draught of pleaſure, from a caſk
Unbroach't by juſt authority, unguag'd?
By temperance, by reaſon unrefin'd?
A thouſand dæmons lurk within the lee.
Heav'n, others, and ourſelves! uninjur'd theſe,
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;
Angels are angels from indulgence there;
'Tis unrepenting pleaſure makes a god.
Doſt think thyſelf a god from other joys?
A victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.

The wrong muſt mourn: can Heav'n's appointments
Can man outwit Omnipotence? ſtrike out [fail?
A ſelf-wrought happineſs unmeant by him
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its diſſonance, or harmony, ſhall riſe.
Heav'n bid the ſoul this mortal frame inſpire;
Bid virtue's ray divine inſpire the ſoul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.
'Is virtue, then, and piety the ſame?'—
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's ſource;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at piety; yet boaſt aloud
Good will to men; nor know they ſtrive to part
What nature joins; and thus confute themſelves.
With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the firſt-born of rationality.
Conſcience, her firſt law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeleſs, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmoſt pow'r.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's ſake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man:
Some ſiniſter intent taints all he does;
And in his kindeſt actions he's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A ſoul in commerce with her God, is heav'n;
Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life;
The whirls of paſſions, and the ſtrokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;

A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inſpires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy.
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the great God, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heav'n, and ſets his foot on hell.
Lorenzo! when waſt thou at church before?
Thou think'ſt the ſervice long; but is it juſt?
Tho' juſt, unwelcome: thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the muſe, to win thine ear,
Muſt take an air leſs ſolemn. She complies,
Good conſcience! at the ſound the world retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and Lorenzo ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her ſeraglio full of charms;
And ſuch as age ſhall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her fair ones thou the faireſt chuſe,
To chaſe thy gloom.—'Go, fix ſome weighty truth;
'Chain down ſome paſſion; do ſome gen'rous good;
'Teach ignorance to ſee, or grief to ſmile;
'Correct thy friend; befriend thy greateſt foe;
'Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
'Spring up, and lay ſtrong hold on him who made
Thy gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly ſpirits flow; [thee.'
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unſtrung.
Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters!
Phyſicians! more than half of thy diſeaſe.
Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd yet as ſin,
(Pardon a thought that only ſeems ſevere)

Is half immoral: is it much indulg'd?
By venting ſpleen, or diſſipating thought,
It ſhews a ſcorner, or it makes a fool;
And ſins, as hurting others, or ourſelves.
'Tis pride, or emptineſs, applies the ſtraw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuſe;
Of grief approaching, the portentous ſign!
The houſe of laughter, makes a houſe of woe.
A man triumphant is a monſtrous ſight;
A man dejected is a ſight as mean.
What cauſe for triumph, where ſuch ills abound?
What for dejection, where preſides a power,
Who call'd us into being to be bleſt?
So grieve, as conſcious, grief may riſe to joy;
So joy, as conſcious, joy to grief may fall.
Moſt true, a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray:
Too happy to be ſportive, he's ſerene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own experience,)
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
'Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay,'
There truths abound of ſov'reign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If not inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Times treaſure! and the wonder of the wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, thy ſoul alone at ſtake;
Alas! ſhould men miſtake thee for a fool;—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me, ſenſe, here, acts a double part,
And the true critic is a Chriſtian too.
But theſe, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy,
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;

They, firſt, themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heav'n ſells all pleaſure; effort is the price;
The joys of conqueſt, are the joys of man;
And glory the victorious laurel ſpreads
O'er pleaſures pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
There is a time, when toil muſt be preferred,
Or joy, by miſ-tim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of pleaſure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſt.
Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thought's full bent, and energy the true;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And in a tempeſt, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning death and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, theſe
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight indeed;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant, and a ſound, but ſerious joy.
Is joy the daughter of ſeverity?
It is:—yet far my doctrine from ſevere.
'Rejoice for ever:' It becomes a man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
'Rejoice for ever,' Nature cries, 'Rejoice;'
And *drinks to man*, in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for every ſenſe;

So the great founder of the bounteous feaſt,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
Ill firmly to ſupport, good fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity:
Yet ſparing pledge; her bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—'A rational repaſt;
'Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
'A miltary diſcipline of thought,
'To foil temptation in the doubtful field:
'And ever-waking ardor for the right.'
'Tis theſe, firſt give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nought that is right, think little; well aware,
What reaſon bids, God bids; by his command
How aggrandiz'd, the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus, nothing is inſipid to the wiſe;
To thee, inſipid all, but what is mad;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
'Mad! (thou reply'ſt, with indignation fir'd)
'Of ancient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
'I follow nature.'—Follow nature ſtill,
But look it be thine own: Is conſcience, then,
No part of nature? is ſhe not ſupreme?
Thou regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then, follow nature, and reſemble God.
When, ſpite of conſcience, pleaſure is purſu'd,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleas'd:
And what's unnatural, is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n thee!
The fact thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the cauſe.
Virtue's foundation with the world's were laid;
Heav'n mixt her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred int'reſts with the ſtrings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf: and is it greater pain,

Our ſoul ſhould murmur, or our duſt repine?
And one, in their eternal war, muſt bleed.
If one muſt ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The pains of mind ſurpaſs the pains of ſenſe:
Aſk, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt?
The joys of ſenſe to mental joys are mean:
Senſe on the preſent only feeds; the ſoul
On paſt, and future, forages for joy.
'Tis hers, by retroſpect, thro' time to range;
And forward time's great ſequel to ſurvey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Axes might ruſt, and racks, and gibbets, fall:
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the reſt to fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd by the beating of his pulſe, to liſt
With ev'ry luſt, that wars againſt his peace;
And ſets him quite at variance with himſelf.
Thyſelf, firſt, know; then love: a ſelf there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A ſelf there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
Humility degrades it, juſtice robs,
Bleſt bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,
And godlike magnanimity deſtroys.
This ſelf, when rival to the former, ſcorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—but when virtue bids,
Toſs it, or to the fowls, or the flames.
And why? 'tis love of pleaſure bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own ſelf-love extinct, or blind.
For what is vice? ſelf-love in a miſtake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And virtue, what? 'tis ſelf-love in her wits.

Quite ſkilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good ſenſe, is love of that dread Power,
From whom herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A ſelf-hate, now, ſcarce felt; then felt full ſore,
When being, curſt; extinction, loud implor'd;
And ev'ry thing preferr'd to what we are.
Yet this ſelf-love Lorenzo makes his choice;
And, in this choice triumphant, boaſts of joy.
How is his want of happineſs betray'd,
By diſaffection to the preſent hour!
Imagination wanders far afield:
The future pleaſes: why? the preſent pains.—
'But that's a ſecret,'—Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs agitation, reſtleſs roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pauſe:
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the ſoul,
From inſtinct ſent, to rock her in diſeaſe,
Which her phyſician, reaſon, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy beſt; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.
Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wiſe have joys.
Superior wiſdom is ſuperior bliſs.
And what ſure mark diſtinguiſhes the wiſe?
Conſiſtent wiſdom ever wills the ſame;
Thy fickle wiſh is ever on the wing.
Sick of herſelf, is folly's character;
As wiſdom's is, a modeſt ſelf-applauſe.
A change of evils is thy good ſupreme;
Nor, but in motion, canſt thou find thy reſt.
Man's greateſt ſtrength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.
The firſt ſure ſymptom of a mind in health,

Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure felt at home.
Falſe pleaſure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and ſelf-ſuſtain'd, the true.
The true is fixt, and ſolid as a rock;
Slipp'ry the falſe, and toſſing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain:
That, like the fabled, ſelf-enamour'd boy,
Home contemplation her ſupreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels all, entitled to repoſe
On him who governs fate: tho' tempeſt frowns,
Tho' nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on heaven!
To lean on him, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
They ſtand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old
In Iſrael's dream, come from, and go to heaven:
Hence, are they ſtudious of ſequeſtred ſcenes;
While noiſe, and diſſipation, comfort thee.
Were all men happy, revellings would ceaſe,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly bleſt,
But it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a caſt,
As folly might miſtake for want of joy.
A caſt, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modeſt aſpect, and a ſmile at heart.
O *for a joy from thy* Philander's ſpring!

A ſpring perennial, riſing in the breaſt,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid ſtream
Of rapt'rous exultation, ſwelling high;
Which, like land floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then ſink at once and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who tranſient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?
Vain are all ſudden ſallies of delight;
Convulſions of a weak diſtemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd ſtate; a tenor, not a ſtart.
Bliſs there is none, but unprecarious bliſs:
That is the gem; ſell all, and purchaſe that.
Why go a begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is ſure.
Reaſon perpetuates joy that reaſon gives,
And makes it as immortal as herſelf:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conſcious worth! ſhould abſolutely reign;
And other joys aſk leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and periſh in inteſtine broils;
Not the leaſt promiſe of internal peace!
No boſom comfort! or unborrow'd bliſs!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward bound,
Mid ſands, and rocks, and ſtorms, to cruiſe for pleaſure;
If gain'd, dear bought; and better miſs'd than gain'd.
Much pain muſt expiate, what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and ſenſe, from an infected ſhore,
Thy cargo bring; and peſtilence the prize.
Then, ſuch thy thirſt (inſatiable thirſt!

By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy ſtill cruiſes, when poor ſenſe is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian ſhop,
Where feeble happineſs, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul ideas, in their dark receſs,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires,)
With wanton art, thoſe fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldſt thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, deſcending from above,
Which theſe, with art divine, would counterwork,
And form celeſtial armour for thy peace.
In this is ſeen imagination's guilt;
But who can count her follies? ſhe betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is ſomething great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes muſt cater for thy taſte.
Hence, what diſaſter!—tho' the price was paid,
That perſecuting prieſt, the Turk of Rome,
Whoſe foot (ye gods!) tho' cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian ſhore;
(Such is the fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor magnificence is ſtarv'd to death.
Hence juſt reſentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd; if outward things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to ſcorn;
Pompous expences, and parades auguſt,
And courts; that inſalubrious ſoil to peace.
True happineſs ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happineſs reſides in things unſeen.
No ſmiles of fortune ever bleſt the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor.
So tell his Holineſs, and be reveng'd.

Pleaſure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only conteſt, what deſerves the name.
Give pleaſure's name to nought, but what has paſs'
Th' authentic ſeal of reaſon (which, like Yorke,
Demurs on what it paſſes) and defies
The tooth of time; when paſt, a pleaſure ſtill:
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our preſent, joy.
Some joys the future overcaſt; and ſome
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb
Some joys endear eternity; ſome give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Conſult thy whole exiſtence, and be ſafe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the leſſon, tho' my lecture long,
Be good—and let Heav'n anſwer for the reſt.
Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant
In this our day of proof; our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that obſcure his ſublunary day,
But never conquer: ev'n the beſt muſt own,
Patience, and reſignation, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, theſe;
But thoſe of Seth not more remote from thee,
Till this heroic leſſon thou haſt learnt;
To frown at pleaſure, and to ſmile in pain.
Fir'd at the proſpect of unclouded bliſs,
Heav'n in reverſion, like the ſun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, chears us in this world;
It ſheds, on ſouls ſuſceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
'This (ſays Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:
But can harangues blow back ſtrong nature's tide

'Or ſtem the tide Heav'n puſhes thro' our veins,
'Which ſweeps away man's impotent reſolves,
'And lays his labour level with the world?'
Themſelves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought is, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakneſs to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the muſe preſcrib'd.
*Above, Lorenzo ſaw the man of earth,
The mortal man; and wretched was the ſight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now ſee the man immortal: him, I mean,
Who lives as ſuch: whoſe heart, full bent on heav'n,
Leans all that way, his bias to the ſtars.
The world's dark ſhades, in contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His luſtre more; tho' bright, without a foil;
Obſerve his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor ſtop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips in ſeas, while in, above the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of ſenſe, and paſſion's ſtorm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he ſees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! what higher praiſe?
What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?

* In a former Night.

The preſent all their care; the future, his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varniſh nature; his exalts.
Mankind's eſteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chace of falſe felicities;
His, the compos'd poſſeſſion of the true.
Alike throughout is his conſiſtent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a ſun, he ſpies a deity;
What makes them only ſmile, makes him adore.
Where they ſee mountains, he but atoms ſees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terreſtrial worſhip, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs, in infinite, to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught beſides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipſe.
Himſelf too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his intereſt, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'reſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
ng he ſuſtains with temper, looks on heav'n,
oops to think his injurer his foe;

Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praiſe.
With nakedneſs his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage teſtifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where his full feaſt begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliſs.
To triumph in exiſtence, his alone;
And his alone triumph to think
His true exiſtence, is not yet begun.
His glorious courſe was, yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,
Undaunted breaſt—And whoſe is that high praiſe?
They yield to pleaſure, tho' they danger brave,
And ſhew no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they ſhew it, 'tis for glory ſhewn;
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.
A cordial his ſuſtains, that cannot fail;
By pleaſure unſubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He ſhares in that omnipotence he truſts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his ſhield.
From magnanimity, all fear above;
From nobler recompence, above applauſe;
Which owes to man's ſhort out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—"Where ſhines this miracle?
From what root riſes this immortal man?"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground;
The root diſſect, nor wonder at the flower.

He follows nature (not like* thee;) and ſhews us
An uninverted ſyſtem of a man.

* See page 224, line 22.

His appetite wears reaſon's golden chain,
And finds, in due reſtraint, its luxury.
His paſſion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearleſs, and his grief, (if grief
The gods ordain) a ſtranger to deſpair.
And why?—becauſe affection, more than meet,
His wiſdom leaves not diſengaged from heaven.
Thoſe ſecondary goods that ſmile on earth,
He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
They moſt the world enjoy, who leaſt admire.
His underſtanding ſcapes the common cloud
Of fumes, ariſing from a boiling breaſt.
His head is clear, becauſe his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate movements of his ſoul admit
Diſtinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even ſcale;
Whence judgment ſound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double ſenſe, the good are wiſe;
On its own dunghill, wiſer than the world.
What, then, the world? it muſt be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their creed
Yet thus it is; nor otherwiſe can be;
So far from aught romantic, what I ſing.
Bliſs has no being, virtue has no ſtrength,
But from the proſpect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or, (what weighs juſt the ſame
Who care no farther, muſt prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies; proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire
He can't a foe, tho' moſt malignant, hate,
auſe that hate would prove his greater foe.
hard for them (yet who ſo loudly boaſt

Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
For may he not invade their good supreme,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?
All shines to them, that for a season shines.
Each act, each thought, he questions, 'What its weight,
'Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?'—
And what it there appears, he deems it now.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The godlike man hath nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has habit's firmness, and affection's flame;
Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire;
And death, which others slays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heav'n!
Stand by thy scorn, and be reduc'd to nought:
For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise, now, and, by possession, soon,
(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.
From this thy just annihilation rise,
Lorenzo! rise to something, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Canst thou be silent? No; for wit is thine;
And wit talks most, when least she has to say,
And reason interrupts not her career.
She'll say—That mists above the mountains rise;
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte!
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of ſenſe;
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire diſeaſe,
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes wine inſpires.
The lucky flaſh; and madneſs rarely fails.
Whatever cauſe the ſpirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worſt;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See dullneſs, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her ſage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But wiſdom, awful wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! in ſenates, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or if there found, 'tis ſacred to the few;
While a lewd proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, wit: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriſer; ſenſe, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the lightning of the ſtorm.
In ſtates, 'tis dangerous; in religion, death:
Shall wit turn Chriſtian, when the dull believe?
Senſe is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume expoſes, 'tis our helmet ſaves.
Senſe is the di'mond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by wit, it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a di'mond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of good ſenſe, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.

Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool;
Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock! I warn thee shun,
Where Sirens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
A joy, in which our reason bears no part,
Is but a sorrow tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know!—
And yet, we much must know her, to be safe.
To know the world, not love her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
An animal ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy Sirens sing no more;
Thy dance is done; the demi-god is thrown
(Short apotheosis!) beneath the man,
In coward gloom immers'd or fell despair.
Art thou yet dull enough a despair to dread,
And startle at destruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
A single sentence proof against the world.
Soul, body, fortune! every good pertains
To one of these; but pri ze not all alike;
The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
Body to soul, and soul to God.'

Wouldſt thou build laſting happineſs? Do this;
Th' inverted pyramid can never ſtand.
Is this truth doubtful? it outſhines the ſun;
Nay, the ſun ſhines not, but to ſhew us this,
The ſingle leſſon of mankind on earth.
And yet—yet, what? no news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers liſt againſt the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve!)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry ſail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie;
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile.
Hard either taſk! the moſt abandon'd own,
That others, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for themſelves, the moment reaſon wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repoſe)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump ſad laughter, till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? Some cannot ſit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And ſhew us what their joy, by their deſpair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! blaſpheming eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!—
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene—But heav'n denies
A cover to ſuch guilt; and ſo ſhould man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeking blade,
The invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The ſtrangling cord, and ſuffocating ſtream;
The loathſome rottenneſs, and foul decays
From raging riot (ſlower ſuicides!)
And pride in theſe, more execrable ſtill!—

How horrid all to thought!—but horrors, theſe,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble ſong.
From vice, ſenſe, fancy, no man can be bleſt:
Bliſs is too great, to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the name.
O for a joy from reaſon! joy from that,
Which makes man man; and, exercis'd aright,
Will makes him more: a bounteous joy! that gives,
And promiſes; that weaves, with art divine,
The richeſt proſpect into preſent peace;
A joy ambitious! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far:
A joy high privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which death ſhall double! judgment crown!
Crown'd higher, and ſtill higher, at each ſtage,
Thro' bleſt eternity's long day, yet ſtill,
Not more remote from ſorrow, than from him,
Whoſe laviſh hand, whoſe love ſtupendous, pours
So much of deity on guilty duſt.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy preſence can improve my bliſs!
Affects not this the ſages of the world?
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour,
Make ſerious thought man's wiſdom, joy, and praiſe.
Nor need you bluſh (though ſometimes your deſigns
May ſhun the light) at your deſigns on heaven:
Sole point! where over-baſhful is your blame.
Are you not wiſe?—You know you are: yet hear
One truth, amid your num'rous ſchemes, miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide, if ſeen;
"Our ſchemes to plan by this world, or the next,
"Is the ſole difference between wiſe, and fool."
All worthy men will weigh you in this ſcale;

What wonder, then, if they pronounce you light?
Is their eſteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my ſimple ſcheme of common ſenſe:
Thus, ſave your fame, and make two worlds your own.
The world replies not;—but the world perſiſts;
And puts the cauſe off to the longeſt day,
Planning evaſions for the day of doom.
So far, at that re-hearing, from redreſs,
They then turn witneſſes againſt themſelves.
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wiſe to-morrow.
Haſte, haſte! a man, by nature, is in haſte;
For who ſhall anſwer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make one ſure friend;
And that thou can'ſt not do, this ſide the ſkies.
Ye ſons of earth! (nor willing to be more!)
Since verſe you think from prieſtcraft ſomewhat free,
Thus, in an age ſo gay, the muſe plain truths [proſe)
(Truths, which, at church, you might have heard in
Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verſe
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praiſe.
But praiſe ſhe need not fear: I ſee my fate;
And head-long leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
Muſt die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted page! go forth among thy foes;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: nor ſhalt thou reſt,
When thou art dead; in Stygian ſhades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;
And bold blaſphemer of his friend,—the world;
The world, whoſe legions coſt him ſlender pay,
And volunteers, around his banner ſwarm;
Prudent, as Pruſſia, in her zeal for Gaul.

'Are all, then, fools? Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all,
But ſuch as hold this doctrine (new to thee;)
'The mother of true wiſdom is the will;'
The nobleſt intellect, a fool without it.
World-wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and ſciences, in wars, and peace;
But art and ſcience, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the moſt indulgence can afford;—
'Thy wiſdom all can do, but—make thee wiſe.'
Nor think this cenſure is ſevere on thee;
Satan, thy maſter, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE

CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heaven
II. A Night Addreſs to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

One of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of S

——*Fatis contraria fata rependens.* VIRG

THE

CONSOLATION.

NIGHT THE NINTH.

As when a traveller, a long day paſt
In painful ſearch of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour loſt;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy maze,
Where diſappointment ſmiles at hope's career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed;
Where future wand'ring baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet hour of reſt;
I chaſe the moments with a ſerious ſong.
Song ſooths our pains; and age has pains to ſooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breaſt, and death's dark ſhade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ætherial fire;
Canſt thou, O Night! indulge one labour more?
One *labour more* indulge! then ſleep, my ſtrain!

Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and ſorrow ceaſe;
To bear a part in everlaſting lays;
Though far, far higher ſet, in aim, I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.
Has not the muſe aſſerted pleaſures pure,
Like thoſe above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, haſt thou cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think, thou wilt forbear a boaſt ſo bold.
But if beneath the favour of miſtake,
Thy ſmile's ſincere; not more ſincere can be
Lorenzo's ſmile, than my compaſſion for him.
The ſick in body call for aid; the ſick
In mind are covetous of more diſeaſe;
And when at worſt, they dream themſelves quite well.
To know ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our cure.
When nature's bluſh by cuſtom is wip'd off,
And conſcience, deaden'd by repeated ſtrokes,
Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes;
The curſe of curſes is, our curſe to love;
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet;)
And throw aſide our ſenſes with our peace.
But, grant no guilt, no ſhame, no leaſt alloy;
Grant joy and glory, quite unſully'd, ſhone;
Yet, ſtill, it ill deſerves Lorenzo's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy ſight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I ſee its ſables wove by deſtiny;
And that in ſorrow bury'd; this, in ſhame;
While howling furies ring the doleful knell;
And conſcience, now ſo ſoft thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her whiſper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where the prime actors of the laſt year's ſcenes;
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin and their plume;
How many ſleep, who kept the world awake
With luſtre, and with noiſe! Has death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the preſent year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needleſs monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayeſt ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality;
Though in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain,
As mauſoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-ſtain'd canvaſs, or the featur'd ſtone?
Our fathers grace, or rather hunt, the ſcene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
'Profeſt diverſions! cannot theſe eſcape?'—
Far from it: theſe preſents us with a ſhroud;
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for bury'd wealth,
We ranſack tombs for paſtime: from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement; how like gods
We ſit; and wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

What, all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our *preſent* frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? thy world?—A grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the ceiling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.
The moiſt of human frame the ſun exhales;
Winds ſcatter, through the mighty void, the dry;
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins ſpread; man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires.
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They ſtalk, an empty name
Yet few regard them in this uſeful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O death! I ſtretch my view; what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſp'ring faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect, as they paſs,
I point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
wiſdom of the wiſe, and prancings of the grea

But, O Lorenzo! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,
One form aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of one departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow: oozy wreath
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated ſons; and, weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution, ſoon, in flames.
But, like Caſſandra, propheſies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I truſt, to thee.
For, know'ſt thou not, or art thou loth to know,
The great decree, the counſel of the ſkies!
Deluge and conflagration, dreadful pow'rs?
Prime miniſters of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Diſtinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or, ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for this, ordain'd their boundleſs rage:
When heav'n's inferior inſtruments of wrath,
War, famine, peſtilence, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,
Theſe are let looſe, alternate: down they ruſh,
Swift, and tempeſtuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irreſiſtible commiſſion arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe creation of the ſhocking ſcene.
Seeſt thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as for man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's tranſitory ſcenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the deſtin'd hour,
By *the loud trumpet* ſummon'd to the charge,

See, all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by ſtorm,
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Veſuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughſhare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other ſtars!
Stars animate, that govern theſe of fire;
Far other ſun!—a ſun, O how unlike
The babe at Bethle'm! how unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—yet he it is;
That man of ſorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n deſcends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
And now, all droſs remov'd, Heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While, (dreadful contraſt! far, how far beneath!)
Hell burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this ſcene; the laſt
In nature's courſe; the firſt in wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; this awakes
The moſt ſupine; this ſnatches man from death.
uſe, rouſe, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
ere truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,

Loud calls my ſoul, and ardor wings her flight.
I find my inſpiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my ſubject is my muſe.
At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden, as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nit'rous grain, the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we ſtood, Lorenzo! While thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the good man pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth roſe from chaos, man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At thought of thee!—And art thou abſent then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here;—it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all; deputed conſcience ſcales

The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls our doom;
Foreſtalls; and by foreſtalling, proves it ſure.
Why on himſelf ſhould man void judgment paſs?
Is idle nature laughing at her ſons?
Who conſcience ſent, her ſentence will ſupport,
And God above aſſert that God in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their boſoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare,
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? no:) the coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to know;
Aſks, 'What is truth?' with Pilate; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heav'n!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their KING!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate,
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their LORD,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſ-involve the moral world, and give
To nature's renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe final fate,
ngs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?

I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All deities, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing!
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought!
No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd;
Receives his ſentence, and begins his hell.
All vengeance paſt, now, ſeems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curſes whom he dreads;
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.
'Tis preſent to my thought!—and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot gueſs
The period; from created beings lock'd
In darkneſs. But the proceſs, and the place,
Are leſs obſcure; for theſe may man inquire.
Say, thou great cloſe of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finiſher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! ſay, where art thou?
Art thou in time, or in eternity?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how beſt their pow'rs ally'd
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vaſt fabric for him built (and doon
With him to fall) now burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving wc
To ſecond birth; contemporary throng!
Rous'd at one call, upſtarted from one bed,
Preſt in one croud, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, Eternity! to thee.
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls alone;
His greateſt foe falls with him; Time, and he
Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expi
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent, ſoliciting acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome the
A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her ſmile
For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown v
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners, ſtreaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and power
Of light, of darkneſs; in a middle field,
Wide, as creation! populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand reſult;

Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
ETERNITY, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial: what enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
The goddeſs, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Thro' deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!
O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy, that ſhake
The whole ethereal! how the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when creation roſe,
To ſee creation's godlike aim, and end,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely clos'd!
To ſee the mighty dramatiſt's laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd God, a God, indeed, deſcends,
To ſolve all knots; to ſtrike the moral home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of time;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe;
And *the vaſt void* beyond, applauſe reſounds.

WHAT THEN AM I?—
Amidſt applauding wor
And worlds celeſtial, is their found on earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains
Cenſure on thee, Lorenzo! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on myſelf; how greatly due!
All, all is right! by God ordain'd or done;
And who, but God, reſum'd the friends he gav
And have I been complaining, then, ſo long
Complaining of his favours; pain, and death?
Who, without pain's advice, would e'er be good
Who without death, but would be good in vain
Pain is to ſave from pain; all puniſhment,
To make for peace; and death to ſave from dea
And ſecond death, to guard immortal life;
To rouſe the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endleſs, in the ſkies.
Heaven gives us friends to bleſs the preſent ſc
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods;
All diſcipline, indulgence, on the whole.
None are unhappy; all have cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to themſelves that cauſe deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains;
Error in act, or judgment, is the ſource
Of endleſs ſighs: we ſin, or we miſtake;
And nature tax, when falſe opinion ſtings.
Let impious grief be baniſhed, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.
oy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
ft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.

Joy amidſt ills, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy, and conqueſts; joy, and virtue too
A noble fortitude in ills delights
Heav'n, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray;
As night to ſtars, woe luſtre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An evergreen, that ſtands the northern blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happineſs, to know
How much unhappineſs muſt prove our lot;
A part which few poſſeſs! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a man;
Who thinks it is, ſhall never be a god.
Some ills we wiſh for, when we wiſh to live.
What ſpoke proud paſſion?—'† Wiſh my being loſt!'
Preſumptuous! blaſphemous! abſurd! and falſe!
The triumph of my ſoul is,—That I am;
And therefore that I may be—what?—Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep? and deeper ſtill?
Unfathomably deep our treaſure runs
In golden veins, thro' all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and ſucceeding ſtill
New ages, where the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull ſlumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praiſe,
And fly thro' infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deſerv'd) by Heav'n's redundant love,
Made half-adorable itſelf, adore;

† Referring to the firſt Night.

And find, in adoration, endleſs joy!
Where thou, not maſter of a moment here,
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
May'ſt boaſt a whole eternity, enrich'd
With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal uninſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd or ever ſhall,
How kind is GOD, how great (if good) is man.
No man too largely from Heav'n's love can ho
If what is hop'd he labours to ſecure.
Ills?—there are none, all gracious! none from
From man full many! num'rous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by madneſs on fair liberty;
Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! her hand a
Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,
Faſt barr'd by thine; high-wall'd with adaman
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whoſe threats are mercies, whoſe injunctions, g
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, reaſon's choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, unavoidable reſults
From nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd
If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, nor leſs ſure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his ſons,
'Do this; fly that'—nor always tells the cauſe
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy love ſurvey'
Aught elſe the name of wonderful retains)
What rocks are theſe, on which to build our tr
Thy ways admit no blemiſh; none I find;
Or this alone—'that none is to be found.'
Not one, to ſoften cenſure's hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peeviſh grief's complaint,

like a dæmon, murm'ring, from the duſt,
into judgment call her judge—Supreme!
ll I bleſs thee; moſt, for the ſevere;
death—my own at hand—the fiery gulph,
flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
nders;—but it thunders to preſerve;
ngthens what it ſtrikes; its wholeſome dread
s the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
eaven's ſweet hallelujah's in thy praiſe,
ſource of good alone! how kind in all!
ngeance kind! pain, death, *gehenna*, SAVE.
us, in thy world material, mighty Mind!
hat alone which ſolaces, and ſhines,
ough, and gloomy, challenges our praiſe,
winter is as needful as the ſpring;
hunder, as the ſun; a ſtagnate maſs
pours breeds a peſtilential air:
nore propitious the Favonian breeze
ature's health, than purifying ſtorms:
dread volcano miniſters to good.
nother'd flames might undermine the world.
Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
ts good omens are, when duly ſcan'd;
in their uſe, eclipſes learn to ſhine.
n is reſponſible for ills receiv'd;
e we call wretched are a choſen band,
ell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
l my liſt of bleſſings infinite,
l this the foremoſt, 'That my heart has bled.'
heav'n's laſt effort of good will to man;
n pain can't bleſs, heav'n quits us in deſpair.
fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,

* Lucia.

Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be blel
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reaſon abſolves the grief, which reaſon end
May heav'n ne'er truſt my friend with happ
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it ſafe to ſmile
Such ſmiles are mine, and ſuch may they re
Nor hazard their extinction, from exceſs.
My change of heart a change of ſtyle dema
The Conſolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.
As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to br
A panting traveller, ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him
And meaſures with his eye the various vale,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he ha
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor effects more toil;
Thus I, tho' ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe t
Various, extenſive, beaten but by few:
And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe; and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Tho' ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme.
Thro' many a field of moral, and divine,
The muſe has ſtray'd; and much of ſorrow
In human ways; and much of falſe and vai
Which none, who travel this bad road, can
O'er friends deceas'd full heartily ſhe wept;
Of love divine the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd man immortal; ſhew'd the ſource o
The grand tribunal rais'd; aſſign'd the bou
Of human grief: in few, to cloſe the whole
The moral muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch.
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael

Of moſt our weakneſs needs believe, or do,
In this our land of travel, and of hope,
For peace on earth, or proſpect of the ſkies.
What then remains? Much! much! a mighty debt
To be diſcharg'd: theſe thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers ſecret ſighs,
While others ſlept. So, Cynthia (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft-ſliding from her ſphere,
Her ſhepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd leſs,
Than I of thee.—And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal ſilence!—where ſhall I begin?
Where end? or how ſteal muſic from the ſpheres,
To ſooth their goddeſs?
O majeſtic Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! Day's elder born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train,
Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe;
And, like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.
And what, O man! ſo worthy to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of heaven?
Creation of archangels is the theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo needful? what ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepares us to ſuſtain?
The *ſoul of man*, HIS face deſign'd to ſee,

Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has here a previous ſcene of objects great,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength,
Which beſt may qualify for final joy.
The more our ſpirits are enlarg'd on earth,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of heav'n.
Heav'n's KING! whoſe face unveil'd conſumm
Redundant bliſs! which fills that mighty void, [bl
The whole creation lives in humun hearts!
THOU, who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Rapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres!
While of thy works material the ſupreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong.
Looſe me from earth's incloſure, from the ſun's
Contracted circle ſet my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to THEE.
Teach me with art great nature to controul,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of night.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the ſun
Be ſeen at midnight, riſing in my ſong?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whoſe h
Whoſe little heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
I am thy pilot, I thy proſp'rous gale.
Gainful thy voyage thro' yon azure main;
Main, without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore;
And whence thou may'ſt import eternal wealth

And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou ſtranger to the world! thy tour begin;
Thy tour thro' nature's univerſal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On ſoaring ſouls, that ſail among the ſpheres;
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles ſpacious earth, then travels here,
Shall own, he never was from home before!
Come, my* Prometheus, from thy pointed rock
Of falſe ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, innocently, ſteal celeſtial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the ſtars:
A theft, that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern neſts of feather'd ſnows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge,
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempeſts wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which ſoon, perhaps, ſhall ſhake a guilty world;
Above miſconſtru'd omens of the ſky,
Far-travell'd comets calculated blaze,
Elance thy thought, and think of more than man.
Thy ſoul, till now, contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by blaſts of earth's unwholeſome air,
Will bloſſom here; ſpread all her faculties
To theſe bright ardors; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And riſe into ſublimities of thought.
Stars teach, as well as ſhine. At nature's birth,
Thus, their commiſſion ran—'Be kind to man.'
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller?

* Night the Eighth.

The ſtars will light thee, tho' the moon ſhould fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more aſtray!
In ways immoral? the ſtars call thee back;
And, if obeyed their counſel, ſet thee right.
This proſpect vaſt, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis nature's ſyſtem of divinity,
And ev'ry ſtudent of the night inſpires.
'Tis elder ſcripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various leſſons; ſome that may ſurpriſe
An un-adept in myſteries of night;
Little, perhaps, expected in her ſchool,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on ſtar.
Bulls, lions, ſcorpions, monſters, here we feign;
Ourſelves more monſtrous, not to ſee what here
Exiſts indeed;—a lecture to mankind.
What read we here?—Th' exiſtence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of ether! ſons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the ſkies.
And whoſe eternity?—Lorenzo! thine;
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here; here ſprings the ſov'reign cure
Of almoſt ev'ry vice; but chiefly thine;
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure deſire.
Lorenzo! thou canſt wake at midnight too,
Tho' not on morals bent: ambition, pleaſure!
Thoſe tyrants I for thee ſo* lately fought,
Afford their harraſs'd ſlaves but ſlender reſt.
You, to whom midnight is immoral noon,

* Night the Eighth.

And the ſun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our Antipodes!
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt ſtage and ſtage, of riot, and cabal:
And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heav'n)
To yonder ſtars: for other ends they ſhine,
Than to light revellers from ſhame to ſhame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of ſpace,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which ſet the living firmament on fire,
At the firſt glance, in ſuch an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Ruſhes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride;
Our reaſon rouſe, and lead it to that power,
Whoſe love lets down theſe ſilver chains of light;
To draw up man's ambition to himſelf;
And bind our chaſte affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, leaſt alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coaſt with moſt applauſe,
An humble, pure, and heav'nly minded heart,
Are here inſpir'd:—and canſt thou gaze too long?
Nor ſtands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each ſyſtem repreſent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! all, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unſelfiſh aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.
Nothing in nature, much leſs conſcious beings,

Was e'er created ſolely for itſelf:
Thus man his ſov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our ſupercilious race,
Thou moſt inflammable! thou waſp of men!
Man's angry heart, inſpected, would be found
As rightly ſet, as are the ſtarry ſpheres;
'Tis Nature's ſtructure, broke by ſtubborn will,
Breeds all that unceleſtial diſcord there.
Wilt thou not feel the bias nature gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from converſe with the ſkies,
And ſeize thy brother's throat?—for what,—a clod,
An inch of earth? The planets cry, 'Forbear.'
They chaſe our double darkneſs; nature's gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our intellectual night.
And ſee, days amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation, in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With gain, and joy, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception, in the intender'd heart;
While light peeps thro' the darkneſs, like a ſpy;
And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck
(*Stupor* ordain'd to make her truly wiſe!)
en into tranſport ſtarting from her trance;
't love, and admiration, how ſhe glows!

This gorgeous apparatus! this display!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine inchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night ten thouſand ſhine;
And light us deep into the DEITY;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the ſteep of heav'n,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!
Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy him who made it! worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe more than human! nor deny'd
Thy praiſe divine!—But tho' man, drown'd in ſleep,
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his univerſal temple, hung
With luſtres, with innumerable lights,
That ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once,
The temple, and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of night!
Devotion! daughter of aſtronomy!
An undevout aſtronomer is mad.
True; all things ſpeak a GOD; but in the ſmall,
Men trace out him; in great, he ſeizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills

With new inquiries, 'mid aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye ſtars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye ſtarr'd, and planeted inhabitants! what is it?
What are theſe ſons of wonder? Say, proud arch!
(Within whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in diſdain
Of limit built! built in the taſte of heaven!
Vaſt concave! ample dome! waſt thou deſign'd
A meet apartment for the DEITY?—
Not ſo; that thought alone thy ſtate impairs;
Thy lofty ſinks, and ſhallows thy profound,
And ſtreightens thy diffuſive; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an univerſe an orrery.
But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
O Nature! wide flies off the expanding round,
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſploſion diſſipates the clouds;
Shock'd ether's billows daſh the diſtant ſkies;
Thus (but far more) the expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of gods,
From ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in ſenſe;
For, ſure, to ſenſe, they truly are divine,
And half-abſolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of man
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their ador'd.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, Lorenzo! thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and unexiſtent, are the ſame?
And if incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs, to believe?
Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aſide
All meaſure in his work; ſtretch'd out his line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes,)
Deep in the boſom of his univerſe,
Dropt down that reas'ning mite, that inſect, man,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the ſcene?—
That man might ne'er preſume to plead amazement
For diſbelief of wonders in himſelf.
Shall God be leſs miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall myſteries deſcend
From unmyſterious? thinks more elevate,
Be more familiar? uncreated lie
More obvious than created, to the graſp
Of human thought? The more of wonderful
Is heard in him, the more we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive him, GOD he could not be;
Or he not GOD, or we could not be men.
A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;
Man's diſtance how immenſe! On ſuch a theme,
Know this, LORENZO! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
Nothing can ſatisfy, but what confounds;
Nothing, but what aſtoniſhes, is true.
The ſcene thou ſeeſt, atteſts the truth I ſing,
And ev'ry ſtar ſheds light upon thy creed.
Theſe ſtars, this furniture, this coſt of heav'n,
If but reported, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In reaſon's court, to ſilence unbelief.

How my mind, op'ning at this ſcene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the ſkies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo leſs admires!
Has the great Sov'reign ſent ten thouſand worlds
To tell us, he reſides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific embaſſy
A moment's audience? turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impa
For man's emolument; ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the light'nings wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces reaſon, or a GOD adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to ſee:
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks ſmall learning's aid.
Wouldſt thou on metaphyſic pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk enjoins: ſhe gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make ſet upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhould ſay, 'read thy chief leſſon there.'
Too late to read this manuſcript of heaven,
When like a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flame
It folds Lorenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
Leſſons how various! not the GOD alone,
I ſee his miniſters; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries, diſtinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold.

Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with wings outſpread,
Liſtning to catch the maſter's leaſt command,
And fly thro' nature, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—well conceiv'd
By pagan, and by Chriſtian! o'er each ſphere
Preſides an angel, to direct its courſe,
And feed, or fan its flames; or to diſcharge
Other high truſts unknown. For who can ſee
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, mind,
For which alone inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? that nobler Son,
Far liker the great SIRE!—'tis thus the ſkies
Inform us of ſuperiors numberleſs,
As much, in excellence, above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the ſpheres.
Theſe, as a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thouſand demi-gods deſcend
On ev'ry beam we ſee, to walk with men.
Awful reflection! ſtrong reſtraint from ill!

Yet here, our virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
From theſe ethereal glories ſenſe ſurveys.
Something, like magic, ſtrikes from this blue vault;
With juſt attention as it view'd? we feel
A ſudden ſuccour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herſelf does half the work of man.
Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſerts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of ſubterranean, excavated grots,
Black brow'd and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From nature's ſtructure, or the ſcoop of time;
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
E'vn theſe an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights
Ev'n theſe infuſe.—But what of vaſt in theſe?

Nothing;—or we muſt own the ſkies forgot.
Much leſs in art—Vain art! thou pigmy power!
How doſt thou ſwell, and ſtrut, with human pride
To ſhew thy littleneſs! What childiſh toys,
Thy watry columns ſquirted to the clouds!
Thy baſon'd rivers, and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated capitals! or thoſe
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe,
Or nodding gardens pendant in midair!
Or temples proud to meet their gods halfway!
Yet theſe affect us in no common kind
What then the force of ſuch ſuperior ſcenes?
Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from this the DEITY has built?
A good man ſeen, tho' ſilent, counſel gives:
The touch'd ſpectator wiſhes to be wiſe:
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we ſee ſomething like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to ſay, Lorenzo!
To man abandon'd, 'Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?'
And yet, ſo thwarted nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe,
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial arts intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantic, ſtalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night ſtill darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine and murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miſer earths his treaſure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.

Now plots, and foul conſpiracies, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devaſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What ſhall I do?—Suppreſs it? or proclaim?
Why ſleeps the thunder? now, Lorenzo! now,
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepoſt'rous madmen, void of fear or ſhame,
Lay their crimes bare to theſe chaſte eyes of Heaven;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a mortal's ſight.
Were moon, and ſtars, for villains only made?
To guide, yet ſcreen them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and wiſer make the wiſe.
Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once; when mortals liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent
In theory ſublime. O how unlike
Thoſe vermin of the night, this moment ſung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
Thoſe ancient ſages, human ſtars! they met
Their brothers of the ſkies, at midnight hour:
Their counſel aſk'd; and, what they aſk'd, obey'd.
The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank
The poiſon'd bowl, and he of Tuſculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In theſe unbounded, and Elyſian, walks,
An area fit for gods, and godlike men,
They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths
By ſeraphs trod; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footſteps here below;
To walk in worth ſtill brighter than the ſkies.
There, they contracted their contempt of earth;
Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire;

There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great viſitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to men, more joyous to themſelves.
Thro' various virtues, they, with ardor, ran
The Zodiac of their learn'd, illuſtrious lives.
In Chriſtian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal!
A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! as much
Our ardor leſs, as greater is our light.
How monſtrous this in morals! Scarce more ſtrange
Would this phenomenon in nature ſtrike,
A ſun, that froze us, or a ſtar, that warm'd.
What taught theſe heroes of the moral world?
To theſe thou giv'ſt thy praiſe, give credit too.
Theſe doctors ne'er were penſion'd to deceive thee;
And Pagan tutors are thy taſte. They taught,
That, narrow views betray to miſery:
That, wiſe it is to comprehend the whole:
That virtue roſe from nature, ponder'd well,
The ſingle baſe of virtue built to heav'n:
That, God, and nature, our attention claim:
That, nature is the glaſs reflecting God.
As, by the ſea, reflected is the ſun.
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his ſphere:
That, mind immortal loves immortal aims:
That, boundleſs mind affects a boundleſs ſpace:
That vaſt ſurveys, and the ſublime of things,
The ſoul aſſimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
Of inſpiration, thus ſpreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; ſuch the night inſpir'd.
And what more true? what truth of greater weight
The ſoul of man was made to walk the ſkies;
Delightful outlet of her priſon here!
There, diſincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large;

There, freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let looſe all her powers;
And undeluded, graſp at ſomething great.
Nor, as a ſtranger, does ſhe wander there;
But, wonderful herſelf, thro' wonder ſtrays;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a maſter, judges not amiſs:
Hence greatly pleas'd, and juſtly proud, the ſoul
Grows conſcious of her birth celeſtial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herſelf at home among the ſtars;
And, feeling, emulates her country's praiſe.
What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
As earth the body, ſince, the ſkies ſuſtain
The ſoul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, the noble paſture of the mind;
Which there expatiates, ſtrengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, the garden of the Deity,
Bloſſom'd with ſtars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambroſial; moral fruit to man.
Call it, the breaſt-plate of the true High Prieſt,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of higheſt moment, right reſponſe;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus, have we found a true aſtrology;
Thus, have we found a new, and noble ſenſe,
In which alone ſtars govern human fates.
O that the ſtars (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And reſcu'd monarchs from ſo black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wiſh how gen'rous in a foe!

Wouldſt thou be great, wouldſt thou become a god,
And ſtick thy deathleſs name among the ſtars,
For mighty conqueſts on a needle's point?
Inſtead of forging chains for foreigners,
Baſtile thy tutor: grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is: how great,
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,
When in it all the ſtars, and planets, roll!
And what it ſeems, it is: great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more godlike, as theſe more divine.
And more divine than theſe, thou canſt not ſee.
Dazzled, o'erpow'r'd, with the delicious draught
Of miſcellaneous ſplendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a paradiſe unloſt!
I meet the Deity in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedneſs before him!
O that I could but reach the tree of life!
For here it grows, unguarded from our taſte;
No flaming ſword denies our entrance here;
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.
Lorenzo! much of moral haſt thou ſeen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The mathematic glories of the ſkies,
Its number, weight, and meaſure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boaſted builders, chance, and fate,
Are left to finiſh his aerial towers;
Wiſdom, and choice, their well-known characters
Here deep impreſs; and claim it for their own.
Tho' ſplendid all, no ſplendor void of uſe;
Uſe rivals beauty: art contends with pow'r;
No wanton waſte, amid effuſe expence;
The great Economiſt adjuſting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wiſe.

How rich the proſpect! and for ever new!
And neweſt to the man that views it moſt;
For newer ſtill in infinite ſucceeds.
Then, theſe aerial racers, O how ſwift!
How the ſhaft loiters from the ſtrongeſt ſtring!
Spirit alone can diſtance the career.
Orb above orb aſcending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it ſeems a viſion, or a dream;
Tho' ſeen, we labour to believe it true!
What involution! what extent! what ſwarms
Of worlds, that laugh at earth! immenſely great!
Immenſely diſtant from each other's ſpheres!
What then, the wond'rous ſpace thro' which they roll?
At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
'Tis comprehenſions abſolute defeat.
Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here;
Thro' this illuſtrious chaos to the ſight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt order, reign.
The path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs ſallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! how ſoon are they diſſolv'd,
And ſet the ſeeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! nor leſs admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
In motion, all! yet what profound repoſe!
What fervid action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd
To ſilence, by the preſence of their LORD;
Or huſh'd, by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon cerulean plain,

In exultation to their God, and thine,
They dance, they ſing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of his praiſe.
But, ſince their ſong arrives not at our ear
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerleſs power.
Mark, how the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and myſtic maze.
Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;
To gods, how great! how legible to man!
Leaves ſo much wonder greater wonder ſtill?
Where are the pillars that ſupport the ſkies?
What more than Atlantean ſhoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what ſtrange art
In fluid air theſe pond'rous orbs ſuſtains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains
And ſo they are; in the high will of Heav'n,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all; if ſuch the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The moſt gigantic ſons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring Alps, all toſt into the ſea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time, and meaſure, exquiſite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the ſpheres,
Tune their ſonorous inſtruments aloft;
The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element ſuſtain'd,
And acting the ſame part, with greater ſkill,
More rapid movement, and for nobleſt ends?
More glorious ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars
The ſeats majeſtic, proud imperial thrones,

On which angelic delegates of heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sov'reign nods,
Diſcharge high truſts of vengeance, or of love;
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand deſign,
And acts moſt ſolemn ſtill more ſolemnize?
Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effuſion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in ſuch a ſight!
A ſight ſo noble! and a ſight ſo kind!
It drops new truths at ev'ry new ſurvey!
Feels not Lorenzo ſomething ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all period? As theſe ſpheres
Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The godlike hope of ages without end,
The boundleſs ſpace, thro' which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter thought
Of boundleſs time. Thus, by kind nature's ſkill,
To man unlabour'd, that important gueſt,
Eternity, finds entrance at the ſight:
And an eternity, for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors,
The ſtars, had never whiſper'd it to man.
Nature informs, but ne'er inſults, her ſons.
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent wiſh
To diſappoint it?—that is blaſphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a ſecond article,
Momentous, as the exiſtence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought;
And thou may'ſt read thy ſoul immortal, here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on theſe glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Aſſemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range thro' the faireſt, and the Sultan ſcorn.

He, wiſe as thou, no creſcent holds ſo fair,
As that, which on his turban awes a world;
And thinks the moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can giv
A mind ſuperior to the charms of power.
Thou muffled in deluſions of this life!
Can yonder moon turn ocean in his bed,
From ſide to ſide, in conſtant ebb, and flow,
And purify from ſtench his wat'ry realms?
And fails her moral influence? wants ſhe power
To turn Lorenzo's ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on earth's infected ſhore,
And purge from nuiſance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heav'n?
Nay, and to what thou valu'ſt more, earth's joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for unſeen,
And defecate from ſenſe, alone obtain
Full reliſh of exiſtence, undeflower'd,
The life of life, the zeſt of worldly bliſs.
All elſe on earth amounts—to what? to this:
'Bad to be ſuffer'd; bleſſings to be left.'
Earth's richeſt inventory boaſts no more.
Of higher ſcenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
Oh let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd here
In midway flight imagination tires;
Yet ſoon reprunes her wing to ſoar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So great the pleaſure, ſo profound the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels, meet,
Eat the ſame manna, mingle earth, and heaven.
How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal ſuns!
So diſtant (ſays the ſage,) 'twere not abſurd
To doubt, if beams, ſet out at nature's birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this ſo foreign world;

Tho' nothing half ſo rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever: who can ſatiate ſight
In ſuch a ſcene? in ſuch an ocean wide
Of deep aſtoniſhment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are loſt in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a ſeraph's computation fails.
Now, go, ambition! boaſt thy boundleſs might
In conqueſt o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a ſolid baſe.
Why call for leſs than is already thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a miracle!—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit ſatire, on mankind;
And while it ſatisfies, it cenſures too.
To common ſenſe, great Nature's courſe proclaims
A Deity: when mankind falls aſleep,
A miracle is ſent, as an alarm,
To wake the world, and prove him o'er again,
By recent argument, but not more ſtrong.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a ſun, or ſtop his mid-career?
To countermand his orders, and ſend back
The flaming courier to the frighted eaſt,
Warm'd, and aſtoniſh'd, at his ev'ning ray?
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's ſoft, flow'ry vale repoſe?
Great things are theſe; ſtill greater, to create.
From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
Of miracles;—reſiſtleſs is their pow'r?
They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd unmiraculous ſurvey,

If duly weigh'd, if rationally ſeen,
If ſeen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
Sees nought but ſpangles here; the fool, no more.
Say'ſt thou, 'the courſe of nature governs all?'
The courſe of nature is the art of God.
The miracles thou call'ſt for, this atteſt;
For ſay; could nature, nature's courſe controul?
But, miracles apart, who ſees HIM not,
Nature's controuler, author, guide, and end?
Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face,
But muſt inquire—'What hand behind the ſcene,
'What arm almighty, put theſe wheeling globes
'In motion, and wound up the vaſt machine?
'Who rounded in his palm theſe ſpacious orbs?
'Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
'Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morningdew,
'Or ſparks from populous cities in a blaze,
'And ſet the boſom of old night on fire?
'Peopled her deſert, and made horror ſmile?'
Or, if the military ſtyle delights thee,
(For ſtars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
'Who marſhals this bright hoſt? enrolls their names?
'Appoints their poſt, their marches, and returns,
'Punctual, at ſtated periods? who diſbands
'Theſe vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
'If e'er diſbanded?'—HE, whoſe potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd firſt their pow'rs
In night's inglorious empire, where they ſlept
In beds of darkneſs; arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd and diſciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;
And call'd them out of chaos to the field,
Where now they war with vice and unbelief.
O let us join this army! joining theſe,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When brighter flames ſhall cut a darker night.

When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all!
Struck at that thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Tho' guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye dividers of my time! Ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Tho, man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since you, and years, roll on, tho' man stands still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom; now beyond
All shadows of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares keen appetite and passion spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,
Whose folly would undo, what age has done!
Aid, then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, THOU,
Great ARTIST! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid, and irrevocable flight,
With such an index fair, as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd,
Open mine eye, dread DEITY! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they are, unalter'd thro' the glass
Of worldly wishes. Time, eternity!
('Tis these, mismeasur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.

Let time appear a moment, as it is;
And let eternity's full orb, at once,
Turn on my ſoul, and ſtrike it into heav'n.
When ſhall I ſee far more than charms me now!
Gaze on creation's model in thy breaſt
Unveil'd nor wonder at the tranſcript more?
When, this vile, froreign, duſt, which ſmothers a
That travel earth's deep vale, ſhall I ſhake off,
When ſhall my ſoul her incarnation quit,
And re-adopted to thy bleſt embrace,
Obtain her apotheoſis in THEE?
Doſt think, Lorenzo! this is wand'ring wide!
No, 'tis directly ſtriking at the mark;
To wake thy dead devotion * was my point;
And how I bleſs night's conſecrating ſhades,
Which to a temple turn an univerſe;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,
And antidote the peſtilential earth!
In ev'ry ſtorm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an aſylum has the ſoul in pray'r!
And what a fane is this, in which to pray!
And what a GOD muſt dwell in ſuch a fane!
O what a genius muſt inform the ſkies!
And is Lorenzo's ſalamander-heart,
Cold, and untouch'd, amid theſe ſacred fires?
O ye nocturnal ſparks! ye glowing embers,
On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no n
Who blaze, or die, as great JEHOVAH'S breath
Or blows you, or forbears; aſſiſt my ſong;
Pour your whole influence; exorciſe his heart,
So long poſſeſt; and bring him back to man.
And is Lorenzo a demurrer ſtill?
Pride in thy parts provoke thee to conteſt
Truths, which, conteſted, put thy parts to ſhame

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Nor ſhame they more Lorenzo's head than heart;
A faithleſs heart, how deſpicably ſmall!
Too ſtreight, aught great, or gen'rous, to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with ſelf!
And ſelf-miſtaken! ſelf, that laſts an hour!
Inſtincts and paſſions, of the nobler kind,
Lie ſuffocated there; or they alone,
Reaſon apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To raviſh'd thought, that intellectual ſphere,
Where order, wiſdom, goodneſs, providence,
Their endleſs miracles of love diſplay,
And promiſe all the truly great deſire.
The mind that would be happy, muſt be great;
Great in its wiſhes; great in its ſurveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Puſh out its corrugate, expanſive make,
Which ere long, more than planets ſhall embrace.
A man of compaſs makes a man of worth;
Divine contemplate, and become divine.
As man was made for glory and for bliſs,
All littleneſs is an approach to woe;
Open thy boſom, ſet thy wiſhes wide,
And let in manhood; let in happineſs;
Admit the boundleſs theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which makes a man.
Take God from nature, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing ſees;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy diſtreſs! how cloſe art thou beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by nature, the proud ſceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by theſe innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkeſt mind,
As in a golden not of Providence,
How art thou caught, ſure captive of belief!

From this thy bleſt captivity, what art,
What blaſphemy to reaſon, ſets thee free!
This ſcene is Heav'n's indulgent violence:
Canſt thou bear up againſt this tide of glory?
What is earth boſom'd in thoſe ambient orbs,
But faith, in GOD impos'd, and preſs'd on man?
Dar'ſt thou ſtill litigate thy deſp'rate cauſe,
Spite of theſe mum'rous, awful, witneſſes,
And doubt the diſpoſition of the ſkies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious? 'tis impracticable quite;
To ſink beyond a doubt, in this debate,
With all his weight of wiſdom, and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wiſh they did; but no man diſbelieves.
GOD is a ſpirit; ſpirit cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs, material organs; GOD by man
As much is ſeen, as man a GOD can ſee,
In theſe aſtoniſhing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, diſtance, ſize!
Concertion of deſign, how exquiſite!
How complicate, in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! conſent to gen'ral good!
Each attribute of theſe material gods,
So long (and that with ſpecious pleas) ador'd,
A ſep'rate conqueſt gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
Lorenzo! this may ſeem harangue to thee;
Such all is apt to ſeem, that thwarts our will.
And doſt thou, then, demand a ſimple proof
Of this great maſter-moral of the ſkies,
Unſkill'd, or diſinclin'd, to read it there?
Since 'tis the baſis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof inſiſts on an attentive ear;

'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, ſtruggle with the world.
Retire;—the world ſhut out;—thy thoughts call
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;— [home;—
Lock up thy ſenſes;—let no paſſion ſtir;—
Wake all to reaſon;—let her reign alone;—
Then, in thy ſoul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done; and ſhall inquire no more.
In nature's channel, thus the queſtions run.
'What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
'But that I am; and, ſince I am, conclude
'Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
'Nought ſtill had been: eternal there muſt be.
'But what eternal?—Why not human race?
'And Adam's anceſtors without an end?—
'That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry link
'Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
'Can ev'ry part depend and not the whole?
'Yet grant it true; new difficulties riſe;
'I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
'Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs?—eternal too?
'Grant matter was eternal; ſtill theſe orbs
'Would want ſome other father;—much deſign
'Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes;
'Deſign implies intelligence, and art:
'That can't be from themſelves—or man; that art
'Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
'And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
'Who, motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
'Shot thro' vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
'Who bid brute matter's reſtive lump aſſume
'Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
'*Has matter* innate motion? then each atom,
'*Aſſerting its* indiſputable right

'To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
'Has matter none? Then whence theſe glorious form
'And boundleſs flights, from ſhapeleſs, and repos'd
'Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
'Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
'In mathematics? Has it fram'd ſuch laws,
'Which, but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?
'If ſo, how each ſage atom laughs at me,
'Who think a clod inferior to a man!
'If art, to form; and counſel, to conduct;
'And that with greater far, than human ſkill;
'Reſides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
'Grant, then, inviſible, eternal, MIND;
'That granted, all is ſolv'd.—But, granting that,
'Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud?
'Grant I not that, which I can ne'er conceive?
'A being without origin, or end!—
'Hail, human liberty! there is no GOD—
'Yet, why? on either ſcheme that knot ſubſiſts;
'Subſiſt it muſt, in God, or human race;
'If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
'Indiſſoluble all?—why chuſe it there,
'Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
'Reject it, where, that choſen, all the reſt
'Diſpers'd, leave reaſon's whole horizon clear?
'This is not reaſon's dictate; reaſon ſays,
'Cloſe with the ſide where one grain turns the ſcale
'What vaſt preponderance is here! Can reaſon
'With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God!
'And reaſon heard, is the ſole mark of man.
'What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
'On any other ſyſtem! and how ſtrange
'To diſbelieve, thro' mere credulity!'
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to belief.

And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that GOD how great!
How great that pow'r, whose providential care
Thro' these bright orbs dark centres darts a ray;
Of nature universal threads the whole!
And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
Tho' little, on the footstool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! A weight let fall
From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
This distant earth? Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where, ends this mighty building? where, begin
The suburbs of creation? where the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence? Nothing's strange abode!
Say, at what point of space JEHOVAH dropp'd
His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
Weigh'd worlds, and measur'd infinite, no more?
Where, rears his terminating pillar high
Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,
In characters illustrious as the sun,
'I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
'The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:
'Shout, all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods alone;
'Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
'That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, resound!
'Resound! resound! ye depths, and heights, resound!
Hard are those questions!—answer harder still.
Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son, of pow'r divine?
Or has th' Almighty FATHER, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of distant space?
Has he not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
Of night primaeval; barren, now, no more?
And he, the central sun, transpiercing all

Thoſe giant-generations, which diſport,
And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd,
In that abyſs of horror, whence they ſprung;
While chaos triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival creation raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of nature both the womb, and grave!
Think'ſt thou, my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads [wi
Is this extravagant?—No; this is juſt;
Juſt, in conjecture, tho' 'twere falſe in fact.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung
From noble root, high thought of the Most Hi
But wherefore error? who can prove it ſuch?
He that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.
Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing, but quite impoſſible, is hard.
He ſummons into being, with like eaſe,
A whole creation, and a ſingle grain.
Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are bom
A thouſand worlds? There's ſpace for millions m
And in what ſpace can his great fiat fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm imagination: why condemn?
Why not indulge ſuch thoughts, as ſwell our hea
With fuller admiration of that pow'r,
Who gives our hearts with ſuch high thoughts to
Why not indulge in his augmented praiſe?
Darts not his glory a ſtill brighter ray,
The leſs is left to chaos, and the realms
Of hideous night, where fancy ſtrays aghaſt;
And, tho' moſt talkative, makes no report?
Still ſeems my thought enormous? think again;
Experience 'ſelf ſhall aid thy lame belief,
Glaſſes (that revelation to the ſight!)
Have they not led us in the deep diſcloſe

Of fine-ſpun nature, exquiſitely ſmall,
And, tho' demonſtrated, ſtill ill-conceived?
If, then, on the reverſe, the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poiſe?
Defect alone can err on ſuch a theme;
What is too great, if we the cauſe ſurvey?
Stupendous ARCHITECT! thou, thou art all!
My ſoul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!
I AM, thy name! exiſtence, all thine own!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if ſtyl'd
'The thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of GOD.'
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—what voice
Can anſwer to my wants, in ſuch aſcent,
As dares to deem one univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now fancy glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of univerſal nature, as a ſpeck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its ſize,
But, elſewhere, far out-meaſur'd, far out-ſhone?
In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)
Canſt thou not figure it, an iſle, almoſt
Too ſmall for notice, in the vaſt of being;
Sever'd by mighty ſeas of unbuilt ſpace,
From other realms; from ample continents
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Leſs northern, leſs remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the line of the Supreme;
Where ſouls in excellence make haſte, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen ſoon to gods?
Yet why drown fancy in ſuch depths as theſe?

Return, preſumptuous rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too ſm:
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is ſeen?
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch, from his flaming throne;
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,
Farther, and faſter, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And he alone, who built it, can deſtroy.
Beyond this city, why ſtrays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite, enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous inſtruction here!
What page of wiſdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief leſſon makes him wiſe.
Nor is inſtruction, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble pathos in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtyle ſublime,
Tho' ſilent, loud; heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, tho' too proud to praiſe.
Is earth, then, more infernal? has ſhe thoſe,
Who neither praiſe (Lorenzo!) nor admire?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er aſk'd the moon one queſtion; never held
Leaſt correſpondence with a ſingle ſtar;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of heaven
Walking in brightneſs; or her train ador'd.
Their ſublunary rivals have long ſince

Engroſs'd his whole devotion; ſtars malign,
Which made their fond aſtronomer run mad;
Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd delight.
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O THOU, to whom belongs
All ſacrifice! O thou great Jove unfeign'd!
Divine inſtructor! thy firſt volume, this,
For man's peruſal; all in capitals!
In moon, and ſtars, (and heav'n's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the ſight; who runs, may read;
Who reads, can underſtand. 'Tis unconfin'd
To Chriſtian land, or Jew'ry; fairly writ,
In language univerſal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain
To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from its huſk, ſtrike out the ſounding grain.
A language, worthy the great MIND, that ſpeaks!
Preface, and comment, to the ſacred page!
Which oft refers its reader to the ſkies,
As pre-ſuppoſing his firſt leſſon there,
And ſcripture-ſelf a fragment, that unread,
Stupendous book of wiſdom, to the wiſe!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
By thee much open'd, I confeſs, O Night!
Yet more I wiſh; but how ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle Night! whoſe modeſt, maiden beams,
Give us a new creation, and preſent
The world's great picture ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill,
Say, thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by d

Behind the proud, and envious ſtar of noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene?—and ſhew
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
Theſe rich regalia pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I ſearch on ev'ry ſide—
O for a glimpſe of HIM my ſoul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the deſert waſte,
Pants for the living ſtream; for him who made her,
So pants the thirſty ſoul, amid the blank
Of ſublunary joys. Say, goddeſs! where?
Where, blazes his bright court? where burns his throne?
Thou know'ſt; for thou art near him; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, ſacred fame reports
The ſable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, ſo ſwift of wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where he dwells?
A ſtar his dwelling pointed out below.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of ſtill keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempeſt into port!
On which hand muſt I bend my courſe to find him?
Theſe courtiers keep the ſecret of their KING;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to ſteal it from them.
I wake; and waking, climb night's radiant ſcale,
From ſphere to ſphere; the ſteps by nature ſet
For man's aſcent; at once to tempt and aid;
To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought;
Till it arrives at the great goal of all.
In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount! diminiſh'd earth recedes;
I paſs the moon; and, from her farther ſide,
Pierce heav'n's blue curtain, ſtrike into remote;
Where, with his lifted tube, the ſubtil ſage

His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to celeſtial lengthens human ſight.
I pauſe at every planet on my road,
And aſk for HIM who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to ſhine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of earths an army might be loſt,
With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,
Amid thoſe ſov'reign glories of the ſkies,
Of independent, native luſtre, proud;
The ſouls of ſyſtems! and the lords of life,
Thro' their wide empires!—What behold I now?
A wilderneſs of wonders burning round;
Where larger ſuns inhabit higher ſpheres;
Perhaps the villas of deſcending gods!
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threſhold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling ſtill.
Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a miſtake;
The grandeur of his works, whence folly ſought
For aid, to reaſon ſets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to him;)
O where, Lorenzo! muſt the builder dwell?
Pauſe, then; and, for a moment, here reſpire—
If human thought can keep its ſtation here.
Where am I? where is earth? Nay, where art thou,
O ſun? Is the ſun turn'd recluſe? and are
His boaſted expeditions ſhort to mine?—
To mine, how ſhort! on nature's Alps I ſtand,
And ſee a thouſand firmaments beneath!
A thouſand ſyſtems! as a thouſand grains!
So much a ſtranger, and ſo late arriv'd,
How can man's curious ſpirit not inquire,
What are the natives of this world ſublime,
Of this ſo foreign, unterreſtrial ſphere,
Where mortal, untranſlated, never ſtray'd?

'O ye, as diſtant from my little home,
'As ſwifteſt ſun-beams in an age can fly!
'Far from my native element I roam,
'In queſt of new, and wonderful, to man.
'What province this, of his immenſe domain,
'Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
'Ye bord'rers on the coaſts of bliſs! what are you
'A colony from heaven? or, only rais'd,
'By frequent viſit from heav'n's neighbouring realm
'To ſecondary gods, and half-divine?—
'Whate'er your nature, this is paſt diſpute,
'Far other life you live, far other tongue
'You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
'Than man. How various are the works of God!
'But ſay, what thought? is reaſon here enthron'd
'And abſolute? or ſenſe in arms againſt her?
'Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd?
'Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
'And had your Eden an abſtemious Eve?
'Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
'And aſk their Adams—"Who would not be wife
'Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
'And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer ſcorn'd?
'Is this your final reſidence? if not,
'Change you your ſcene, tranſlated? or by death
'And if by death; what death?—know you diſeaſe
'Or horrid war?—with war, this fatal hour,
'Europa groans (ſo call we a ſmall field,
'Where kings run mad.) In our world, death deputed
'Intemperance to do the work of age!
'And, hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
'As ſlow of execution, for diſpatch
'Sends forth imperial butchers, bids them ſlay
'Their ſheep (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd before,)
'And toſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal.
'Sit all your executioners on thrones?

'With you, can rage for plunder make a god?
'And bloodshed wash out ev'ry stain?—
'But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter gross
'Your spirits clean, are delicately clad
'In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,
'Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
'The lot of man! How few of human race
'By their own mud unmurder'd! how we wage
'Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
'Of hardy conflict o'er? or, are you still
'Raw candidates at school? and have you those
'Who disaffect reversions, as with us?—
'But what are we? You never heard of man,
'Or earth; the bedlam of the universe!
'Where reason (undiseas'd with you) runs mad,
'And nurses folly's children as her own;
'Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
'Of holiness, where reason is pronounc'd
'Infallible; and thunders like a god;
'Ev'n there, by saints, the dæmons are outdone;
'What these think wrong, our saints refine to right;
'And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts;
'Satan, instructed, o'er their moral smiles.—
'But this, how strange to you, who know not man!
'Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd?
'Call'd here Elijah, in his flaming car?
'Past by you the good Enoch, on his road
'To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
'Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere, in his descent,
'Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall
'A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
'O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
'Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home,
'Then blacken'd earth with footsteps foul'd in hell,
Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he past
To Britain's isle; too, too conspicuous there!

But this is all digreſſion: where is he,
That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? where is h
Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?
He, whom, while man is man, he can't but ſeek
And if he finds, commences more than man?
O for a teleſcope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on earth! or bleſt above!
Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where, your great maſter's orb? his planets, wh
Thoſe conſcious ſatellites, thoſe morning-ſtars,
Firſt-born of DEITY! from central love,
By veneration moſt profound, thrown off?
By ſweet attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet raptur'd; raptur'd, yet ſerene;
Paſt thought, illuſtrious, but with borrow'd bean
In ſtill approaching circles, ſtill remote,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal Sire?
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations—in what latitude?—beyond
Terreſtrial thought's horizon!—and on what
High errrands ſent?—Here human effort ends;
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road
Born in an age more curious than devout;
More fond to fix the place of heav'n, or hell,
Than ſtudious this to ſhun, or that ſecure.
'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or ſtar, or angel, for their guide,
Who worſhip God, ſhall find him. Humble lo
And not proud reaſon, keeps the door of heav'n
Love finds admiſſion, where proud ſcience fails.
Man's ſcience is the culture of his heart;
And not to loſe his plummet in the depths
nature, or the more profound of God.

Either to know, is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
To fathom nature (ill attempted here!)
Paſt doubt is deep philoſophy above;
Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a thunder of omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak!) is ſeen in all!
In man! in earth! in more amazing ſkies!
Teaching this leſſon, pride is loth to learn—
'Not deeply to diſcern, not much to know,
'Mankind was born to wonder, and adore.'
And is there cauſe for higher wonder ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys!
Yes; and for deeper adoration too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! this;
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe,
And heard Hoſannas ring thro' ev'ry ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is conſecrated ground,
Teeming with growths immortal, and divine
The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of reaſon, which to virtues riſe
Beneath his genial ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn will,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the ſkies.
And is devotion thought too much on earth,
When beings, ſo ſuperior, homage boaſt,
And triumph in proſtrations to the throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of ſtars?
Etherial journeys, and, diſcover'd there,
Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand ways devour
All nature ſending incenſe to the throne,

Except the bold Lorenzo's of our ſphere?
Op'ning the ſolemn ſources of my ſoul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming ſkies,
Nor ſee, of fancy, or of fact, what more
Invites the muſe—here turn we, and review
Our paſt nocturnal landſcape wide:—then ſay,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burſt of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Muſt man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
'O what a root! O what a branch is here!
'O what a father! what a family!
'Worlds! ſyſtems! and creations!—and creations,
'In one agglomerated cluſter, hung,
'*Great VINE, on THEE, on THEE the cluſter hangs;
'The filial cluſter! infinitely ſpread
'In glowing globes, with various beings fraught:
'And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
'Or, ſhall I ſay (for who can ſay enough?)
'A conſtellation of ten thouſand gems,
'(And, O! of what dimenſion! of what weight!)
'Set in one ſignet, flames on the right hand
'Of Majeſty divine! the blazing ſeal,
'That deeply ſtamps, on all created mind,
'Indelible, his ſov'reign attributes,
'Omnipotence, and love! that paſſing bound:
'And this, ſurpaſſing that. Nor ſtop we here,
'For want of pow'r in God, but thought in man.
'Even this acknowledg'd, leaves us ſtill in debt;
'If greater aught, that greater all is thine.
'Dread Sire!—accept this miniature of thee;
'And pardon an attempt for mortal thought,
'*In which* archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd.'
How ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's pow'r,
And ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's plan,

* John xv. 1.

(Ideas not abſurd) diſtend the thought
Of feeble mortals! nor of them alone!
The fulneſs of the Deity breaks forth
In inconceivables to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
How low muſt man deſcend, when gods adore!
Have I not, then accompliſh'd my proud boaſt!
Did I not tell thee, '*We would mount, Lorenzo!
* And kindle our devotion at the ſtars?'
And have I fail'd? and did I flatter thee?
And art all adamant? and doſt confute;
All urg'd, with one irrefragable ſmile?
Lorenzo! mirth how miſerable here!
Swear by the ſtars, by him who made them, ſwear,
Thy heart, henceforth, ſhall be as pure as they:
Then thou, like them, ſhalt ſhine; like them, ſhalt riſe
From low to lofty; from obſcure to bright;
By due gradation, nature's ſacred law.
The ſtars, from whence?—Aſk Chaos—he can tell.
Theſe bright temptations to idolatry,
From darkneſs, and confuſion, took their birth;
Sons of deformity; from fluid dregs
Tartarean, firſt they roſe to maſſes rude;
And then, to ſpheres opaque; then dimly ſhone;
Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in perfect day.
Nature delights in progreſs; in advance
From worſe to better: but, when minds aſcend,
Progreſs, in part, depends upon themſelves.
Heav'n aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The voluntary little leſſens more.
O be a man! and thou ſhalt be a god!
And half ſelf-made!—ambition how divine!
O thou, ambitious of diſgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—tho' high-taught,
School'd by the ſkies, and pupil of the ſtars;

Rank coward to the faſhionable world!
Art thou aſham'd to bend thy knee to heav'n?
Curſt fume of pride, exhal'd from deepeſt hell!
Pride in religion is man's higheſt praiſe.
Bent on deſtruction! and in love with death!
Not all theſe luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half ſo ſad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happineſs, and meets deſpair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, ſilent ſits:
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual dews, and ſaddens nature's ſcene!
A ſcene more ſad ſin makes the darken'd ſoul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one ſpark alive.
Tho' blind of heart, ſtill open in thine eye:
Why ſuch magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?
Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
'Tho, that immenſely great, ſtill greater he,
'Whoſe breaſt, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
'Unburden'd, nature's univerſal ſcheme;
'Can graſp creation with a ſingle thought;
'Creation graſp; and not exclude its Sire.'—
To tell him farther—'It behoves him much
'To guard th' important, yet depending, fate
'Of being, brighter than a thouſand ſuns:
'One ſingle ray of thought outſhines them all.'
And if man hears obedient, ſoon he'll ſoar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Riſing, where thought is now deny'd to riſe,
Look down triumphant on theſe dazzling ſpheres.
Why then perſiſt?—No mortal ever liv'd
But, dying he pronounc'd (when words are true!)
"e whole that charms thee, abſolutely vain;
', and far worſe!—think thou, with dying

O condeſcend to think as angels think!
O tolerate a chance for happineſs!
Our nature ſuch, ill choice enſures ill fate;
And hell had been, though there had been no God.
Doſt thou not know, my new aſtronomer!
Earth, turning from the ſun, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his God, brings endleſs night;
Where thou canſt read no morals, find no friend,
Amend no manners, and expect no peace.
How deep the darkneſs! and the groan, how loud!
And far, how far, from lambent are the flames?
Such is Lorenzo's purchaſe! ſuch his praiſe!
The proud, the politic Lorenzo's praiſe!
Tho' in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the ſkies.
For think not thou haſt heard all this from me:
My ſong but echoes what great nature ſpeaks.
What has ſhe ſpoken? Thus the goddeſs ſpoke,
Thus ſpeaks for ever:—'Place at nature's head,
'A ſov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
'Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
'But, above all, diffuſes endleſs good;
'To whom, for ſure redreſs, the wrong'd may fly;
'The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
'By whom, the various tenants of theſe ſpheres,
'Diverſify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
'Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they riſe,
'Arrive at length (if worthy ſuch approach)
'At that bleſt fountain-head, from which they ſtream;
'Where conflict paſt redoubles preſent joy;
'And preſent joy looks forward on increaſe;
'And that, on more; no period! ev'ry ſtep
'A double boon! a promiſe, and a bliſs.
How eaſy ſits this ſcheme on human hearts!
It ſuits their make; it ſooths their vaſt deſires;
Paſſion is pleas'd; and reaſon aſks no more;

'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is thine?
It darkens! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worſe; few years, the ſport
Of fortune; then, the morſel of deſpair.
Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou knoweſt it well)
What's vice?—Mere want of compaſs in our thought.
Religion, what?—The proof of common ſenſe;
How art thou hooted, where the leaſt prevails!
Is it my fault, if theſe truths call thee fool?
And thou ſhalt never be miſcall'd by me.
Can neither ſhame, nor terror, ſtand thy friend?
And art thou ſtill an inſect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from earth; eſcorted thee thro' all
Th' etherial armies; walkt thee, like a god,
Thro' ſplendors of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright paradiſe of God;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to the throne!
And art thou ſtill carouſing for delight,
Rank poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere froth,
And then ſubſiding into final gall?
To beings of ſublime, immortal make,
How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe end is ſure!
Such joy more ſhocking ſtill, the more it charms!
And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well begun;
And infamous, as ſhort? and doſt thou chuſe
(Thou, to whoſe palate glory is ſo ſweet)
To wade into perdition, thro' contempt,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For, by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault,
Conſcience is but diſabled, not deſtroy'd.

O thou moſt awful being! and moſt vain;
Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy power!
Tho' dread eternity has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs, and woe, in thy deſpotic breaſt;
Tho' heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice;
A butterfly comes croſs, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt!
Lorenzo! no: it cannot,—ſhall not, be,
If there is force in reaſon; or, in ſounds
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When ſlumber locks the general lip, and dreams
Thro' ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls uninſpir'd.
Attend—the ſacred myſteries begin—
My ſolemn night-born adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt:
While the ſtars gaze on this enchantment new;
Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!
'By ſilence, death's peculiar attribute;
'By darkneſs, guilt's inevitable doom;
'By darkneſs, and by ſilence, ſifters dread!
'That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
'And raiſe ideas, ſolemn as the ſcene!
'By NIGHT, and all of awful, Night preſents
'To thought, or ſenſe (of awful much, to both,
'The goddeſs brings!) By theſe her trembling fires,
'Like Veſta's, ever burning; and, like hers,
'Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
'By theſe bright orators, that prove, and praiſe,
'And preſs thee to revere, the DEITY;
'Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
'To reach his throne; as ſtages of the ſoul,
'Thro' *which*, at diff'rent periods, ſhe ſhall paſs,
'*Refining* gradual, for her final height,

'By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!
'By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
'From short ambition's zenith set for ever;
'Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom!
'By the long list of swift mortality,
'From Adam downward to this ev'ning knell,
'Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye;
'And shocks her with an hundred centuries, [thought:
'Round death's black banner throng'd, in human
'By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
'And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!
'By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth
'Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
'The monarch's terror! and the sexton's trade!
'By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
'The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
'Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
'Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
'By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
'And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly dead,
'More ghastly, thro, the thick incumbent gloom!
'By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
'The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!
'By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
'For the grave's shelter! By desponding men,
'Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
'By guilt's last audit! By yon moon in blood,
'The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
'And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!
'By second chaos; and eternal night'—
Be wise—Nor let Philander blame my charm;
But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; duty to the dead.
For know, I am but executor; he left
This moral legacy; I make it o'er
By his command; Philander hear in me;

And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to theſe, oh! hear
Florello's tender voice; his weal depends
On thy reſolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For his ſake—love thyſelf: example ſtrikes
All human hearts; a bad example more;
More ſtill a father's; that enſures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
Th' unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gav'ſt?
Is this the bleſſing of ſo fond a father?
If careleſs of Lorenzo! ſpare, oh! ſpare,
Florello's father, and Philander's friend;
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no diſhonour to the dead.
Let paſſion do, what nobler motive ſhould;
Let love, and emulation, riſe in aid
To reaſon; and perſuade thee to be—bleſt.
This ſeeems not a requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet (ſuch the infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the moſt hopeleſs, man can make to man.
Shall I, then, riſe in argument, and warmth?
And urge Philander's poſthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?—
But oh! I faint! my ſpirits fail!—nor ſtrange!
So long on wing, and in no middle clime;
To which my great CREATOR's glory call'd:
And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lids, and promiſes
My long arrear of reſt; the downy god
(Wont to return with our returning peace)
Will pay, erelong, and, bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhip-boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence ſorrow never chas'd thee; with thee bring

Not hideous viſions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-taſted, cordial, reſt;
Man's rich reſtorative; his balmy bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn;
Freſh we ſpin on, till ſickneſs clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the ſpring, and motion end
When will it end with me?

—'THOU only know'ſt
'Thou, whoſe broad eye the future, and the paſt,
'Joins to the preſent; making one of three
'To mortal thought! Thou know'ſt, and Thou alo
'All-knowing!—all unknown!—and yet well knov
'Near, tho' remote! and tho' unfathom'd, felt!
'And, tho' inviſible, for ever ſeen!
'And ſeen in all! the great, and the minute;
'Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
'Each flow'r, each leaf with its ſmall people ſwarm
'(Thoſe puny vouchers for Omnipotence!) [cl
'To the firſt thought, that aſks, 'From whence?
'Their common ſource. Thou fountain running o
'In rivers of communicated joy!
'Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler them
'Say, by what name ſhall I preſume to call
'HIM I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
'As Moſes, in the buſh? Illuſtrious Mind!
'The whole creation, leſs, far leſs to thee,
'Than that to the creation's ample round.
'How ſhall I name THEE?—How my labouring
'Heaves underneath the thought, too big for bu
'Great ſyſtem of perfections! mighty Cauſe
'Of cauſes mighty! Cauſe uncaus'd! ſole ro
'Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God!

First Father of effects! that progeny
Of endleſs ſeries; where the golden chain's
Laſt link admits a period, who can tell?
Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
Father of all that is or ſeen, or ſees!
Father of all that is, or ſhall ariſe!
Father of this immeaſurable maſs
Of matter multiform; or denſe, or rare;
Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at reſt;
Minute, or paſſing bound! in each extreme
Of like amaze, and myſtery, to man.
Father of theſe bright millions of the night!
Of which the leaſt full Godhead had proclaim'd,
And thrown the gazer on his knee—or, ſay,
Is appellation higher ſtill, thy choice?
Father of matter's temporary lords!
Father of ſpirits! nobler offspring! ſparks
Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
With various meaſures, and with various modes
Of inſtinct, reaſon, intuition; beams
More pale, or bright from day divine, to break
The dark of matter organiz'd (the ware
Of all created ſpirit;) beams, that riſe
Each over other in ſuperior light,
Till the laſt ripens into luſtre ſtrong,
Of next approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth);
Of intellectual beings! beings bleſt
With pow'rs to pleaſe Thee; not of paſſive ply
To laws they know not; beings lo
Of well adapted joys; in diff'ren
Of this imperial palace for thy ſ
Of this proud populous, well po
Tho' boundleſs habitation, plan
Whoſe ſeveral clans their ſev'ra
nd tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, wo
r, oh! indulge, immortal KING

'A title, leſs auguſt indeed, but more
'Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human ears!
'Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
'Father of immortality to man!
'A theme that * lately ſet my ſoul on fire.—
'And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
'That bleſſing was convey'd; far more! was bought;
'Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
'Were made; and one, redeem'd! Illuſtrious light
'From light illuſtrious! Thou, whoſe regal power,
'Finite in time, but infinite in ſpace,
'On more, than adamantine baſis fix'd,
'O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
'Inviolably reigns; the dread of gods!
'And oh! the friend of man! beneath whoſe foot,
'And by the mandate of whoſe awful nod,
'All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
'Of high, of low of mind, and matter, roll
'Thro' the ſhort channels of expiring time,
'Or ſhoreleſs ocean of eternity,
'Calm, or tempeſtuous (as the ſprit breathes,)
'In abſolute ſubjection!—and, O Thou
'The glorious Third! diſtinct not ſeparate!
'Beaming from both! with both incorporate!
'And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with duſt!
'By condeſcenſion, as thy glory, great,
'Enſhrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
'Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
'Of heav'n with diſtant earth! by whom, I truſt,
'(If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
'To Thee, to them—to whom?—Myſterious power!
'Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkneſs in light;
'*Number in unity! our joy! our dread!*
'*The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!*
'*That animates all right, the triple ſun!*
Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting ſun!

* Nights the ſixth and ſeventh.

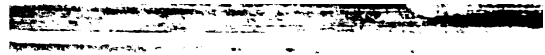
'Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
'Abſconding, yet demonſtrable, great God!
'Greater than greateſt! better than the beſt!
'Kinder than kindeſt! with ſoft pity's eye,
'Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with thine own,
'From thy bright home, from thy high firmament,
'Where thou, from all eternity, haſt dwelt;
'Beyond archangels unaſſiſted ken;
'From far above what mortals higheſt call;
'From elevation's pinacle; look down,
'Through—What? Confounding interval! thro' all,
'And more, than lab'ring fancy can conceive;
'Thro' radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
'Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detatch'd
'Round various banners of Omnipotence,
'With endleſs change of rapturous duties fir'd,
'Thro' wond'rous beings interpoſing ſwarms,
'All cluſt'ring at the call, to dwell in thee;
'Thro' this wide waſte of worlds; this viſta vaſt,
'All ſanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to night
'Before thy feebleſt beam—look down—down—down,
'On a poor breathing particle in duſt,
'Or, lower,—an immortal in his crimes.
'His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
'Thoſe ſmaller faults, half converts to the right,
'Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
'May ſee the ſun (tho' night's deſcending ſcale
'Now weighs up morn,) unpity'd, and unbleſt!
'In thy diſpleaſure dwells eternal pain;
'Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me now;
'And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
'Tho' tranſient, terrible; at thy good hour,
'Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
'*My clay*-cold bed! by nature, now, ſo near;
'*By nature*, near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe!
'*Till then*, be this, an emblem of my grave.

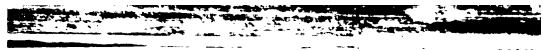
'Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night
'Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear;
'That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
'And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
'My ſenſes, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe;
'O ſink this truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
'Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by fate,
'Firſt in fate's volume, at the page of man.—
"Man's fickly ſoul, tho' turn'd and toſt for ever,
"From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but Thee:
"Here, in full truſt; hereafter, in full joy;"
'On Thee, the promis'd, ſure, eternal down
'Of ſpirits, toil'd in travel thro' this vale.
'Nor of that pillow ſhall my ſoul deſpond;
'For—Love Almighty! Love almighty! (ſing,
'Exult, creation!) Love Almighty, reigns!
'That death of death! that cordial of deſpair!
'And loud eternity's triumphant ſong!
'Of whom, no more:—for, O thou Patron-God!
'Thou God, and mortal! thence more God to man!
'Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
'Thou can'ſt not 'ſcape uninjur'd from our praiſe.
'Uuinjur'd from our praiſe can he eſcape,
'Who, diſemboſom'd from the Father, bows
'The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiſs the diſtant earth!
'Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
'Againſt the croſs, death's iron ſceptre breaks!
'From famiſh'd ruin plucks her human prey!
'Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his foes!
'Their gratitude, for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
'Deputes their ſuff'ring brothers to receive!
'And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
'*As* deeper guilt prohibits our deſpair!
'*Enjoins* it, as our duty, to rejoice!
And (to cloſe all) omnipotently kind,
* *Takes his delights among the ſons of men.*"

* Prov. Chap. viii.

What words are theſe!—And did they come from heav'n?
And were they ſpoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all myſteries to love like this?
The ſong of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the ſound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken heart,
Tho' plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night:
Rich prelibation of conſummate joy!
Nor wait we diſſolution to be bleſt.
This final effort of the moral muſe,
How juſtly † titled! nor for me alone;
For all that read; what ſpirit of ſupport,
What heights of Conſolation, crown my ſong!
Then, farewell NIGHT! of darkneſs, now, no more:
Joy breaks; ſhines; triumph's; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which riſes out of nought complain
Of a few evils, paid with endleſs joys?
My ſoul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt union join
The two ſupports of human happineſs,
Which ſome erroneous, think can never meet;
True taſte of life, and conſtant thought of death;
The thought of death, ſole victor of its dread!
Hope be thy joy; and probity thy ſkill;
Thy patron He, whoſe diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heav'n; eternity, thy prize:
And leave the racers of the world their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endleſs toils:
They part with all for that which is not bread;
They mortify, they ſtarve, on wealth, fame, power;
And laugh to ſcorn the fools that aim at more.
How muſt a ſpirit, lately eſcap'd from earth,
Suppoſe Philander's, Lucia's, or Narciſſa's,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd on the ways of men,
Whoſe lives whole drift is to forget their graves!

† The Conſolation.





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